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THE
CONNOISSEUR:

A Monthly Record

OF

THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,

AND

THE DRAMA.

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ILLUSTRATION—A PORTRAIT OF MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
T. H. MAGNIE, EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

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Drawn and Engraved from the life by T. H. Maguire

Charlotte West

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HAYDON AND HIGH ART.

THE melancholy termination of the struggle between the late Mr. Haydon and the difficulties connected with his position has called forth much of complaint against a social system, in which the existence of abundant wealth was not a guarantee to the possessor of undisputed talent, from an accumulation of pecuniary vexation that produced the insanity of its object. (In spite of French philosophers, too often madmen themselves, we must rank self-destruction among the evidences of mental derangement.) The tendency of remark, in some writers, has been to characterize the artist as a master-spirit of the time, who, existing before his period, had undertaken to lead the æsthetical judgment of his countrymen from the admiration of meretricious ornament to the full perception and true appreciation of high-class excellence. For ourselves, we deny that social systems may be held responsible for exceptions, and we dispute the existence of leadership to public opinion in any thing.

The notion attached to the term "master-spirit" has always been something of a pet among contributors to the periodical and diurnal press. To lead the judgment of the mass being their avowed vocation as a class, their very existence as an usefulness is, of consequence, involved in the assumption that the task they have attempted is a possibility to be executed. But new channels for thought are seldom traceable to their sources; and we know no instances of such reputed mastery, in which inquiry would not prove the individual to be more indebted to his period than his period to him; and show us, that the circumstances had made the man, and not the man the circumstances. He who would be a leader must go with, and not against, opinion; and be more influenced by the disposition of his supposed followers, than they can ever be by his example. He is, in truth, rather the organ through which their opinions are expressed, than the inventor of those opinions. None know this better than your politician, whose highest pretensions are little more than careful observation of the shadows of coming events—a successful guessing at results from combinations in course of development, and the procuring of the earliest information of the effects of those already completed. To do this, and to be foremost in its promulgation, are the only qualifications for leadership the most gifted among them may aspire to.—To learn which way the public are going, and to run first.

As in Politics, so it is in Art. Haydon did not invent an opinion, but adopted one already worn out. Mistaking a clique for the public, he received their affectation of an opinion for a real sentiment; and, while condemning the pretenders to æsthetic judgment in detail, permitted his own veneration for the excellence of ancient Art, to confer upon those pretenders undue consequence as a body. His admiration of the high qualities exhibited in the works of the great masters appearing to be similar in amount with their affectation of estimate, he gave them

credit for perceiving as a whole, what he perceived himself as a whole; took their translation of misunderstood tradition for the results of their own personal observations; and attributed their blunders in analyzing to an insufficient familiarity with the technicalities of execution. Believing, therefore, in the existence of an influential and, as he thought, a representative body, agreeing with himself in the meaning of the term High Art, and also, imbued with a disposition to aid in its revival; it seemed to require but a leader capable of communicating information on those matters of which the body itself was insufficiently cognizant, to give it a consequence in the country. He assumed this position of leader to himself without election, and fulfilled its duties by painting pictures, and giving public lectures.

The effects of these efforts are more remarkable in himself and his productions than upon the art of his time. It is a weakness in our nature, that, having once adopted an opinion for our own, while seeking arguments for its justification, we neglect and cast aside as useless those suggestions that have an antagonistic tendency. The longer the opinion has been supported, and the more of a darling it has become, the more difficult is any approach towards a patient estimate of conflicting testimony. This weakness is so potent in illogical minds, that, with many, it has assumed the state and quality of a virtue; has usurped the throne of truth, and driven justice from her seat, by making it a lesser crime to go on in error, than to adopt a change of conduct as a consequence of change of opinion. On a late occasion the disgrace attached to such a change was infinitely more the object of debate than the utility, reasonableness or justice of the question that should have been discussed. It is not then a matter for astonishment that Mr. Haydon, betrayed in the enthusiasm of his youth to the adoption of a particular line of study, and supported in its adoption by a precocious brilliancy of accomplishment, had persevered in error, until that study, though failing to furnish him with arms for successful competition with his classic models, (for which the fact of their being his models may at once account,) had, in a great degree, disqualified him for productions suitable to the age and people in which he lived; and, when the truth of his position dawned upon his conviction, a simple change of opinion was not sufficient.

The fact of such change of opinion having taken place in the mind of the artist we have enough of evidence to establish. He addressed himself to portrait painting. But the *beau idéal* of classic Art, the characteristics of heroic form, and the full development of antique beauty have little in common with the conventionalities of the *beau monde*. Submit the Venus de Medici to the artifices of a fashionable mantua-maker, and it will be apparent that the received ideas of beauty in ancient Greece and a modern drawing-room are governed by distinct laws; and that any approximation to unsophisticated natural form in a modern dress is liable to be stigmatised by the reproach of vulgarity. The female portraits of Haydon were coarse monstrosities that stood no chance of

favour when in juxta-position with the aristocratic refinement of Lawrence and Chalon.

Let young artists treasure the memory of this failure along with that of Mr. Etty in the same department, as evidence that in painting, as in literature, the supposed greater does not include the supposed less; and that confinement of attempt to that which, by certain pretenders to the superintendence of what Art should be, has been ennobled by the title of High Art, (but which is merely an imitation of the phases of Art at a certain period,) is a disqualification, proportionate with its success, for productions suitable to their own. This may not be replied to by reference to the portraits painted by the great masters themselves, for they were, in their other works, painting what was before them. Their Madonnas were but imitations of selected Italian nature, and the costume in all cases, either of their own period, or from picturesque conventionalities suggested by it, which must now be received as classic. Thus is the modern painter of subjects from the New Testament expected to follow the inventions of the fifteenth century, in spite of the almost universal cognizance that they are untrue: and instead of having all Art open to him, he is studying a means to unfit himself for general purpose without a chance of success in any. Let artists carefully consider the amount of these absurdities, as connected with the vulgar idea of High Art, before they estimate the stake they venture on the accomplishment of an impossibility.

Another evidence of change of opinion are his *genre* productions, as "Reading the Times," in which a man is perusing a newspaper upside down, "The Mock Election," "Charing the Member," "Reading the Bible," &c., &c., all having the faults consequent upon previous habits, aggravated by a certain amount of contempt for the work he had condescended to undertake, that prevented carefulness of painting, sufficient attention to the imitation of objects, or selection of character in model that might assimilate itself with the subject. The men were gladiators, dressed in broadcloth by village tailors!—enormous-limbed, heavy fellows, fit for gaining laurels in the Olympian games, or swinging two-handed swords in an Alpine pass!—excellent recruits for the Italian *Condottieri* or the German *Bandes Noirs*, and clumsy customers in the prize-ring, but whose assistance in a polka would bring down the chimney-pots in a house at Brompton or Bayswater!

Not one of these pictures may be referred to as a specimen of Haydon's talent as an artist; but we believe the painting of such subjects occasioned the discontinuation of that careful study to which the excellence of his early works were so much indebted. This change in opinion came too late in life for retracing the misdirection in which he had progressed, and was hardly avowed; but it has left its mark upon all his after productions.

The artist could no longer deny that the notions of the time were against him, but he insisted that the multitude were wrong; that they had not arrived at a point which had been passed some three hundred years; and invoked the interference of government for doing that which the People had no wish to see accomplished. When repulsed, he reproached men, individually ignorant on the subject, for refusing to order the execution of plans, furnished by himself, and to be received on his individual recommendation, leaving them but the responsibility attached to the adoption of opinions of which the sacrifice of his own prospects had proved the fallacy. But, though he failed in persuading the government to authorize the execution of his wishes, which, when accomplished, would have produced disappointment to all parties, and, we believe, much mischief to artists generally; (for artificial demand must at some period cease, and leave the labour it has called into existence destitute;) yet, there is little doubt, that

his continued application to successive ministers had some effect in preparing their minds for the adoption of picturesque decoration in the buildings for the reception of the Houses of Parliament.

This occasion for realizing the artist's suggestion does not present the evil of having expressly created an opportunity for the purpose. There is no reason whatever that it should not be praiseworthy in a government to adopt the same means that would evince good taste in the individual that used them. The profession, moreover, escapes the stigma of patronage, unless in those instances where intentional sacrifice is incurred by the employment of notorious incapacity.

Haydon, however, received no advantage from his success. When the suggestion came to be acted upon, its propounder was either forgotten, or considered impractical as an instrument in the hands of those to whom the direction of its execution was entrusted.

In a portion of our last month's number, that had been printed previous to the termination of the artist's existence, we asserted, that if he were not among the painters employed to decorate the interior of the Westminster Palace, that building, as a representation of the British artistic power of the period, would lie to posterity. The Fine Arts' Commissioners have been in part relieved from the responsibility of the omission by the death of the man; but how much their neglect may have contributed to the consummation of that event is a question that will not be lost sight of in any future reference to the subject. We shall not moot the question here:—our present intention being to use the unfortunate result of the artist's endeavours as a contribution towards the great end to which his whole life had been devoted—the progress of painting; and to show, that his errors, while fatal to himself, may be advantageously referred to, as things for avoidance by those who come after him; as experiments that have failed are of service for reducing the circle of research in which truth lies hidden; and, so far, limiting attempt to more approximate neighbourhood with success.

The great leading characteristic of Haydon, as a man, and as an artist, was self-reliance. His style of drawing was, to the last, confident and flowing; leaning towards the substitution of pleasantness of line for exactness of contour. This quality evinces a natural perception of the beautiful in a painter; an endowment to which much of Haydon's precocity of acquirement may be attributed. It is this property in execution that obtains the epithet of "masterly," from the multitude; the apparent consciousness of right, which it seems to imply, obtaining the trust of the ignorant, although it is quite as often the attribute of carelessness of error, as of the ready execution of correctness; acquired by study. We do not assert this of Haydon; having too full an appreciation of the wide range of his acquirement as an artist to deny him great power of drawing, much anatomical knowledge, and a high character of *beau ideal* in form. He possessed an early-attained eminence in all these, and on that eminence his confidence was built—but that confidence was his ruin. The same self-reliance which prompted him, single-handed, to wage war with the Royal Academy, as a body, betrayed him, in the latter portion of his career, to estimate his stock of early-acquired knowledge as a sufficient capital to draw upon for the rest of his life, without adding to it the accumulating store of untiring study, re-reference to never-enough-observed nature, and the continual appliance of all those mechanical assistances without which it is absolutely impossible that a picture, challenging a high position in Art, can be painted; and without constant recurrence to which, the greatest talent will, in a very short period, degrade itself into mannerism.

In no other art is man more subject to deterioration from this

disease of self-sufficiency, than in that of painting; and circumstances had abandoned the artist to whom we refer, more than almost any other to its influence. His position refused to him advisers for whose opinion he had the slightest respect. Every paragraph in a newspaper, or other periodical, that was not written by men having personal feud or friendship with the painter, exhibited little else than entire insufficiency in the critic. The friendly notice was not sufficiently stringent, and loved rather to dwell on those portions it might praise, than to cauterise the parts requiring excision. Much was so influenced by personal pique, as to destroy its own usefulness and vitiate its authority, by wholesale, undeserved denouncement; and the great mass, lost in the mazes of what it chooses to call philosophy, poetry, feeling, and anything but painting—but which is truly an ingenious contrivance for the substitution of words for sense, to escape committing the writer to anything having tangibility of intention—received no other notice from him than contempt.

When estimating success or failure in a production made up of form and colour only, its faults or perfections should be referred to sources connected with deficiency or excellence in those mediums. Men having no familiarity with variety of manipulation, and unacquainted with the peculiarities irremediably connected with different styles of handling, form their opinions more often on the accidents of the pencil than on the success or failure of intention in the painter; while those who know nothing of anatomy, (and it can only be acquired by express study) are ill fitted for deciding upon comparative lengths in the bones, or the forms, proportions, or positions of the muscles. Yet do these details make up the sum total of that single element (in which, till lately, British Art was supposed inferior) of a picture—correctness of design.

We are not asserting the discovery of exact rules for these matters. Their existence would tend greatly to simplify the task of an artist; but there are no exact proportions, exact forms, or exact positions for either bones or muscles. There are certain limits beyond which lies not merely deformity, but often impossibility for the performance of the functions the part was intended to fulfil. While within those limits design cannot be denounced as incorrect. It may be ugly, but it may also be true; it may exhibit so much peculiarity of formation as would imply bad taste in the artist by whom it has been adopted; it may evidence a want of responsiveness in the mind to the constituent of beauty; an ill appreciation of melody in line; and a vicious system of selection with reference to fitness; but it may not be called incorrect; while the critic is liable to be answered by a reference to the specimen from whose peculiarity the instance in question may have been derived.

We might illustrate this deficiency by reference to more than one living artist, who defends coarseness of form in the character of his design by the fact that such is the average of mankind. This is not a fact to the extent they would use it. The average of mankind may be coarse, but there are not more of their character of coarseness than of any other, and not so many as of the beautiful. The average of mankind must be represented by its type; and this type, freed from accident, is the natural received notion of beauty of the race.

But it is conceded, that a painter may be a correct draughtsman, and an excellent anatomist; yet coarse in sentiment, disagreeable in composition, and on the brink of deformity in all he does. This correctness is consequent to a pains-taking habit of copying exactly whatever is before him, and the transferring to the personage in his picture all the peculiarities of accident in his model; conferring that character of form on an historical celebrity, in truth belonging to the male or female who has been hired for the

purpose, and whose individualities have been caused by habits connected with the trade, or means of living to which the early portion of their lives have been devoted.

It may be said, that infants are not all beautiful; and, that previous habit, education, or employment, cannot have affected their types with unnatural coarseness. There is no difficulty to select, among children of healthy parents, existing models, superior to anything in Art of any period, showing, that the natural type of our race has not degenerated. Nay, we will go farther, and say, that children of neighbouring countries differ but little from each other, though their parents have marked distinctions both in form and feature. Infancy approximates itself more to the generalization of natural type as being less influenced by the effects of civilization.

By "civilization" we do not mean luxury, dissipation, or any quality the most rigid moralist would desire to be distinct from progress. We mean simply that division of labour, that devotes a human being to continued repetition of the same operation, by which one portion of his construction is strengthened, by exercise, to a greater degree than the remainder. It is the natural and unavoidable consequence of directing mental or physical endowments to the production of thoughts or things that require the uninterrupted devotion of a life, and the most perfect adaptation of the individual to the accomplishment of the work to be done. It is the science of making the most of our means of production; and the faults of form so engendered is but one of the tributes paid to mind by matter. In this view of nature, the delicate hands of those who perform no sort of labour would be a deformity in a classic picture. "But," says the critic, "if nature is so, and, if civilization has made it so, why should Art conceal the truth, and misrepresent nature and civilization by the substitution of the ideal for the real?" The reply to this is, that individuality of form which is consequent to division of labour in the mass, is not inevitably so in the individual instance. Though the mass of mankind may permit an inert absorption in their employment to cause a neglect of those antagonistic exercises which would correct the habits formed by it, exceptions to such sluggishness are numerous; showing the supposed characteristic has to do with the effect of the employment on the temperament of the man, rather than the unavoidable consequence of the employment itself. Thus, supposing a given labour obliged the individual to stoop much during its performance, a natural stoop, though often consequent to the habit, is not a necessary adaptation for the labour. A man, whose body was naturally and permanently bent, would not be considered more fitted for its pursuance, neither would a well-formed, upright, free-limbed individual be considered, on that account, incapable, or less capable of the profession. Among the male portion of our privileged classes, hard work, become to them amusement, corrects the tendency of idleness towards effeminacy.

We have dwelt upon this subject because there is much general misconception in reference to the *beau ideal*; that there is a large class of living artists whose perception in form is yet to be acquired; their insufficiency being something kept in countenance by the fact, that entire schools of Art have obtained eminence, and even reached perfection in every other quality, without appearing to have suspected that this one, the greatest of all, would have been desirable. How much of labour did they put aside by this blindness! How much of the wonderful they have accomplished has been facilitated by their avoidance of attempt on this great difficulty. This is not worth our enquiry at present, for artists of our period may not be permitted to unknow its value, or its necessity; and it is how to amalgamate the nature of these schools with the refined ideality of corrected form, that is the great stum-

bling-block to be overcome, before acquiring the character of a great painter.

While referring to the living model, we may mention that a British artist has some difficulties to cope with not in the paths of our continental neighbours. We are not discussing morals, but facts, as presenting themselves in France, Germany, and Italy. It may not be generally known among those of our readers who are not artists, that to be a model to the painter, or the sculptor, is a profession entirely unconnected with irregular or immoral habits in the individual, male or female; that many of the latter, married and single, have continued for years to frequent the studios of artists, to sit, stand, or lie, with or without drapery, in any manner their employer for the time may direct, who would not tolerate from him any freedom of manner or discourse; and whose conduct in society is correct to prudishness. Such aids are as necessary to the painter as subjects for dissection are to the surgeon, and they are looked at in a business point of view by both: consequently, any system that militated against the desired usefulness would be fatal to stability in the fair models connection with the profession generally; they are, therefore, exact in their appointments, quiet in their demeanour, and astonishingly patient in any given position. But our English manners so restrict the numbers of such models, that the opportunity for selection is small in comparison with that of other countries; and they are used much beyond the period of life when they are at their best, even if they were ever good, which is seldom the case. We have evidence of an instance in a German academy, in which the young wife of one of the painters sat to the whole school, her husband among the rest; and there were no remarks made, to show the circumstance to be an exception to the habits of the people worthy of notice. We are not striving to extend this philosophy among ourselves, but we believe Art receives very many advantages from its diffusion on the continent; in enabling the foreigner to select natural forms for imitation to a much greater extent than is possible to the Englishman studying at home. Here, artists are obliged to receive what models they can get, and make the best of them, by drawing on imagination for refinement; the universal use of stays, and consequent deformity in the female form, presenting additional difficulties to British Art that renders constant reference to the *beau ideal* imperative upon the painter of classic subjects.

When all these obstacles, here little more than alluded to, are fully understood, the task of attaining a high character for the standard in the mind's eye, and sufficiency of judgment in its use, upon which the excellent in Art of all existing schools must look for a foundation, may stand more chance of estimate from those before unsuspecting of the amount of effort it involves.

The generalization of the human form, in reference to the ideal, is but freeing the model figure from peculiarity, and restoring it to the type in which we find the most universal fitness. By this means the mind, relieved from attention to unnecessary distinctions, may more directly concentrate the thought upon the story or subject represented, and more entirely avoid those trifling abstractions which lead the spectator from the main intention of the artist; a more preponderating consequence is obtained for the development of that appropriate sentiment or expression that should, at all times, be the soul of the work: unalloyed by accidental malformations that only escape being a deformity because their infinite variety have guarded them from epithet.

Let us not be misunderstood when using the term *ideality* in reference to form; we neither mean an invention or a creation of the artist, nor an implicit adoption of the Antique without inquiry. Indeed, a more extensive means of selection from nature would prove the Antique not quite so ideal as many are willing to give it

credit for. Ancient Art is not to be looked upon as the source or standard of beauty so much as an aid in selection and observation while using nature; for though there are no forms of the Antique that may not be paralleled in grace by portions of living specimens, there are numerous living specimens presenting portions of form that are far superior to any in ancient sculpture that has escaped the wreck of time. This term, *ideality*, must therefore be received as implying no more than reference to a model in the mind, there formed by inductive observation, derived from comparison and selection with reference to the established connection of beauty with fitness; by which the painter modifies the insufficiencies of the living model, always before him when he paints those parts in which a living being is the object to be represented.

This task is not easy of accomplishment; for, as correct drawing may exist in perfection, unconnected with high-class beauty, exceeding fitness, or appropriate character in the model, all change tending to introduce such beauty, fitness and character, is liable to the accompaniment of incorrectness, which may at all times be considered as equivalent to impossibility of agreement with natural construction: a deficiency quite possibly adjunct to agreeableness of general contour. In order to appreciate this difficulty to its full amount, let it be noted that the form of a limb cannot be changed without reference to change in the form of each of the muscles of which it is composed, all of which have their individual proportions to be adapted to such change. This may not be accomplished without sufficient knowledge of anatomy comprising their shape, points of insertion, and entire range of their uses.

We believe that at one period of his life Haydon understood this portion of his art in a greater degree than any other. Looking at the works of the time when his *Dentatus* was painted, there was no other that combined so much anatomical correctness with so much refinement in the *beau ideal* to which his natural model had been subjected. Up to that period he was in the path in which perseverance would have led to as much excellence as modern Art was capable of in the department he had chosen; but excess of confidence was his ruin. He seemed to act as if he thought Art was a thing that might be acquired. It never has been acquired, and never will; and he who is ambitious of a permanent reputation is always a student, must at all times suspect himself of error, and at all times refer to every test that may detect approach to mannerism. Haydon neglected those tests, and much of his later works were little more than repetitions of his early accomplishments. He had a model in his mind which he omitted to refresh or modify, and all he did was reproductive of that model. That he had still enormous power his *Uriel* remains to testify.

An artist should never forget that character and fitness is the source of elegance and beauty; attendance to those qualities are security from the monotony of manner. While we have, at all times, opposed the notion that modern should imitate effects of ancient pictures, except with reference to their success in depicting truth, we would at all times counsel attention to the means by which those effects were accomplished. In the collection of drawings possessed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and purchased at his death by Messrs. Woodburne, was the original design by Raphael from which the celebrated Marc Antonio plate of the Massacre of the Innocents was engraved, in itself so eminent for the character of form we are now discussing. There were in the same collection three studies for the exquisitely composed female in the centre; the first being the skeleton only, the second in the nude, and the third with drapery, as in the print. We regretted the loss of this drawing to the public more than that of all the rest of the collection. It was an irrefutable

evidence that in him the quality of High Art was not facility; that hardihood of tone and confidence in touch were not the sources from which the great master of design obtained the reputation which time goes on to sanctify. It was a proof that excellence was by him considered only acquirable by the use of every means that may contribute to success. It is not, we repeat, by imitation of what has been done; but by using the means that have been used, that Art may arrive at modern times at a position equal in rank to that it formerly occupied. Those means, we are happy to say, are equally open to a Protestant as a Catholic, and are now in course of employment. Artists are becoming disgusted with mere facility of hand, and the result to our school may be looked forward to with confidence.

While asserting that Haydon did not approach a great work with a sufficient estimate of its difficulty; that he looked upon it rather with the confidence of one who thought he had done as much before; and could do it again; than with a suspicion he might fail, and a determination to use every precaution for success: we would not be understood to insist on his total neglect of model; but that he did so partially attend to such aids, that those portions of his pictures in which they were used rendered the insufficiency of the parts neglected more remarkable by the contrast. Even here much of our blame must be withheld, by the knowledge we possess of how seldom he was in a position to grapple with the difficulty; and how often marks of inattention may be attributed to unhappy circumstances that deprived him of the power of calm consideration and deliberate forethought. Nay, how very often the mere cost of models, arms, draperies, &c., was an obstacle he must go round, from the impossibility of its removal. He continued to paint large pictures in spite of such obstacles, and he failed; the wonder is how he accomplished so much. At the commencement of his career he was alive to the necessity of all obtainable assistance; but occasional omissions passed unnoticed by the critics; who, seeking for some imaginary nonsense of their own, passed by the real faults, and gave encouragement to further omission; until poor Haydon would attempt, and finish, in a manner, a fifteen-foot canvas at arm's length, without any reference whatever to nature, or reality of any description; nay, even go out of his way for added difficulties, and distort a figure, to exhibit a failure in a fore-shortening. So far did the encouragement of licence, arising from the want of sufficient tribunal, strengthen the natural self-reliance of the painter, to the disappointment of all the hopes that were founded on his early promise. H. C. M.

MUSIC A USEFUL ART.

There seems to exist in this country a notion, that nothing, strictly speaking, ought to be encouraged, but what embraces practical utility. This feeling no doubt, derives its origin, from the fact, that the English are what Bonaparte designated them—"a nation of shopkeepers," implying thereby, that the great object of an Englishman's existence is buying and selling; profit and loss, rates of exchange, premiums and policies, being the staple commodities of the national brain, which considers all other matters beside the purpose of life that are not immediately connected with commercial advantages. To this may be attributed the lamentable want of sympathy with the arts among the generality; a picture, a piece of music, or a play, not being considered with reference to its intrinsic, but to its marketable value; for, with a rare exception, now and then, these articles have no further value with the buyer than the probable amount of what it will fetch again, should circumstances render the sale necessary.

The Fine Arts, Music, and the Drama, the subjects that immediately belong to us, may, therefore, be considered as extraneous matter in an Englishman's idea—that is, they are supposed to be out of the pale of practical utility. This position may be controverted in the case of one and all of these subjects, but, in the following remarks, we shall confine ourselves to music, and prove, that, independent of its quality as an art, it has a positive value as a thing practically useful.

The point to which we would more particularly confine ourselves, is the soothing influence of music on the system; and, consequently, how much practical avail could be made of it, in assuaging and mitigating the paroxysms of disease. That its power was known, and acknowledged, in the earlier ages, we find in the account of Saul, 1st Samuel, c. xvi., v. 23.

"And it came to pass, when the evil spirit of God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

In these days, however, science is everything, and the medical faculty seem to aim more to force nature, than to assist it in its own endeavour to rectify occasional aberrations. It is sufficient, that the cure should be effected, *secundum artem*; and a patient must be drugged with the "*Haustus ter in die capiendus*," when, probably, the influence of soft sounds might act more efficaciously in soothing the nervous system.

We were led into a contemplation of this subject, by seeing, on our library-table, "The Report of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy, to the Lord Chancellor, made in 1844." In what may be called the preface, we find the following observations made by the commissioners:—

In some places, books and amusements are furnished abundantly for the benefit of patients; and various means of occupation, adapted to their capacities, and previous habits, are provided. In others, the lunatic is left to pass his time listless and unoccupied, or occupied only with the delusions which disturb him, and which thus, being diverted by no amusement or employment, in the course of time become strengthened, and not to be removed.

This is plain speaking, and ought, we should think, to have been accompanied by some systematic plan for amelioration, but in the suggestions which these Commissioners recommend, p. 204, altogether twenty-five in number, not one word is said as to amusement or employment, which in the paragraph above would seem to be so essential to the chance of cure in some patients.

In chapter IV., under the head of "Occupation, Amusement, and Exercise," it is said, "Music, dancing, and various games (as many as possible in the open air,) may be resorted to with advantage;" and yet in all the examples given, books seem to be thought of more than any other species of amusement, and it is oracularly pronounced that "no asylum should be without a library." This is all very well for a Commission to propound; but taking out of the question the many who cannot and the many who will not read, although it may be of advantage to some, yet with these drawbacks, the amount must be small to whom books can be serviceable. Out of twenty asylums cited, in fifteen there would appear to be no attention paid to this subject of amusement and occupation. We will quote a few of the examples.

WEST AUCKLAND.—"Very little exertion appears to be made at this asylum for the employment of any of the patients. They were all, with the exception of one, unoccupied when we visited the place, in August, 1843. We saw no books, and no means of amusement."

HILSEA ASYLUM, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.—"We could not ascertain that any of the patients occupied themselves, with the exception of two or three of the women, who, we understood, were occasionally employed in needle and household work."

HAVERFORDWEST ASYLUM, PEMBROKE.—"There were no books, nor

any means of amusement: the consequence was, that every patient in the asylum was listless and unoccupied. Most of these, however, were apparently incurable."*

We have mentioned these cases to show in what a lamentable state the poor unfortunate beings who ought to claim our sympathies are, in so many cases, left—many who might be restored, as useful members of society through sheer negligence are probably cut off for ever from life—doomed, alas! to a double death! who does not feel that no means should be left unemployed to mitigate their miseries; and yet, from the facts adduced, those occupations, those amusements are not even made available which confessedly may produce more benefit than any other means resorted to. The returns of the number of the afflicted throughout England and Wales were stated to be, on the 1st of January 1844, 20,893; or in the proportion to the population of about one in a thousand. It appears, however, "from the last table," that the number of pauper lunatics increases, although, probably, not more than in proportion to the increase of numbers, but, if the means are made available, why should not there be a decrease? for if medical knowledge is advanced, so ought, in proportion, these numbers of the afflicted to diminish; for it may be safely affirmed, according to the statement of the commissioners themselves, that proper occupation and amusement would diminish the amount, and no consideration should weigh against this admitted fact. The necessary corollary to be deduced is, that occupation and amusement should be rendered peremptory, and no certificate should be granted for an asylum, unless these means are made a *sine quâ non*, on which the process of cure should be based.

There can be no question, that of all the amusements which might be introduced, none would be so efficacious as music; in some few cases, it is true, it might produce excitement, but in the generality it would have a soothing influence. The soft pealing of the organ must often produce a calm over the feelings that would, in itself, render the patient more susceptible of other impressions. Books, as we have shown, can only have limited usefulness; occupations of bodily labour may not at all times be practicable, but music, which only requires an acquiescence to listen to, could not fail to act with power on what, after all, is a derangement of the nervous system. We have cited the case of Saul, from the Scriptures, as being peculiarly applicable to our argument, for it proves that the playing of David soothed a troubled spirit, and the consequence was, the evil spirit departed from him.

In many of the asylums "the service of the Church is, for the most part, regularly performed every Sunday," and, although there appears to be a difference of opinion among the medical profession as to the beneficial effects, the Commissioners, themselves, seem to agree:—"Considering religious exercises in Lunatic Asylums, merely as medical aids, and conducive to good order, they are of most important use;" and yet no mention is made as to music, which certainly forms a part in religious exercises. "The patients are said to look forward to the service with pleasure, and to consider exclusion from it as a privation." How much more, then, would be the pleasure, were there an admixture of the musical portion of the service, which certainly adds much to the attraction; and yet, music, so influential on the senses, is entirely overlooked!—at the same time it is recommended as an amusement! We leave the commissioners to rectify their own short-sightedness.

We have taken this subject into consideration from a conviction,

* *Quære.*—Might not this be the consequence of the listlessness and want of occupation, which the Commissioners have already stated as probably rendering many permanently deranged?

that music, if properly administered, as a means of cure, would, in many instances, be found of essential service. Supposing, even, that occupation can be found during the day, there are times when the body, weary with the day's toil, the mind, in sympathy unwilling, all at once, to rise into activity, is yet apt to brood over its delusions, and thus render them more rooted and confirmed. How many of these listless hours might pass in the simple enjoyment of music! how many moments might be snatched from weariness or woe, to be added to the pleasures that yet remain in life! and, when to this it may be affirmed, that this very relief adds to the probability of ultimate recovery, it is surely not asking more than the subject demands, that, in all and every case, it should be employed, and not left to the caprice or whim of any individual to grant or withhold.

We will now turn our attention to the case of General Hospitals. On enquiry, we find, that in no one case, is any thing ever done to administer relief of the kind we are advocating. The body is physicked, drugged, tortured, until nature is well-nigh exhausted under the process: no matter, it is done *secundum artem*! Notwithstanding, the patient recovers!—now, perhaps, is the most wearisome time, when, during convalescence, the body weakened by disease, the mind unable to resume its wonted work, yet left to feed upon itself, becomes a prey to its own thoughts. The cure impeded by the mental struggle, the weary hours drag on unheeded, the only hope is, that, at length, the relief may come: in such a case, the charms of music would not only be a solace to the sinking spirit, but give a vigour and energy, by taking away the tedium of delay, which would, in a great degree, assist nature in its development towards health. There may be difficulties in the way, but not of such magnitude as to deter the introduction of music into hospitals. The time is now gone by of pills and pots, bolusses and blisters, draughts every six, three, or two hours, or even at shorter intervals. The People are getting a-weary of both doctors and their bills; and a more rational treatment is being resorted to; a demulcent takes the place of a drastic; a gentle sedative where once a searing iron was applied; and it is even being mooted, that, possibly, some attention to the mental relief of the patient may be followed by happy results. We only ask, that, in this desirable change, the soothing charms of music be not forgotten. Rossini may prove more efficacious than rhubarb; Bellini may supersede Belladonna; and mercury give way to Mercadante. In such a case, we may almost imagine a return of the fabled Golden Age, and the oracular M.D. might stand for either Medicine or Music.

We shall now extend our observation to one other point, namely:—the introduction of music into the poor-law Bastiles, and for this reason, that it would do away among the poor with the notion, that poverty is a crime. Unhappily, it is so treated by the legislature, or such practices as have lately come to light at the Andover Union, and Marlborough house, could never have been sanctioned. But the Poor-Law Commissioners have fortunately had so much tether, they have saved an execution by a suicide! Their office, though still to be continued for a season, is virtually extinct; and we hope some law more consonant with humanity will be adopted. As the law now stands, there seems but little between a pauper and a criminal, and, as such, exists, a national disgrace. That the criminal should be debarred from pleasure, seems consonant with human reasoning; but, that the unwilling pauper should fare no better, is both a sin and a shame. "The poor ye have always among you" is a law of Christianity, and was intended to call forth feelings of charity. How far this creed was thought even to have been acted up to, in the administration of the Poor Law, was proved by the very significant hint

of stopping the pay of those functionaries, by whom so much public odium had been accumulated.

To deal with the poor, so as not to interfere with the acknowledged rights of the labourer, is confessedly a difficult question. On this depends the principle of the dietary, and it may be assumed, that the pauper ought not to be fed so well as one who is actually working for his bread; but even this may be proved in some cases untenable; for, let it be granted, that both are on the same terms, it now becomes a question of Restraint *versus* Liberty; and there are few, we should think, who would hesitate between the two. What, however, we would endeavour to impress is, that it behoves Government not merely to save a pauper from starvation, but to improve the moral condition, so that, when the means of gaining a livelihood are once more in his power, he who has lived on the bread of others should be improved, instead of deteriorated, in his social state; and the poor-house, instead of, as now, being a prison, might be made a school of reform. The Council of Education, with the express purpose of improving the moral condition of the lower orders, has sanctioned the "Singing for the Million"—already, have benefits resulted from this practice. We would see this principle applied to the pauper. Let not Exeter Hall be the only place for multitudinous singing! The Union might profit by the example. With the occupation, discontent and depravity may be subdued, and the pauper be made to feel, that, though he eats the bread of dependence, his poverty is respected; the gulf that separates him from the criminal is insuperable; not only are his wants attended to, but a source of pleasure is offered, to mitigate the weary hours of confinement. By this means, too, might black holes and shackles be expunged from the catalogue of punishments. The refusal to be allowed to share the innocent amusement with his fellows, would be its own punishment; and, thus, a system of working on the mind by kindness, take the place of that harshness and brutality that are now reaping its merited condemnation in public opinion.

C. J.

DRAMATIC PROSPECTS.

THERE has been of late much rumour of strange changes in the arrangements of the Theatrical world in London. We might, like many of our contemporaries, assert our intimacy with sundry modifications in expectancy; but, that our doing so leaves to us but choice of two positions,—that of having relied on insufficient data, and, consequently, having risked the assertion of that which is not; or, where evidence is enough, of having betrayed a confidence. There is no such thing as a calculation upon the intentions of actors and managers, until agreements have been signed, sealed and delivered, and that is not always definitive. There is, however, one thing certain—that the re-organization of more than one theatre has been rendered imperative, by the struggle made by Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood to come out strong at the Wells in the season now commencing. For ourselves, we care not much about these shiftings, while there are no signs in the horizon that promise increased efficiency to the Metropolitan drama as a whole; and we must continue in despair of better days, so long as the main distinctive characteristic of actor-management is that of obstinate determination to shut the doors of their establishments against new aspirants, and, instead of becoming a medium for their introduction, to remain as obstacles against the reception of any sufficient addition to our at present contemptibly-feeble means.

It is well worthy of remark, that the only theatre that has presented the town with any useful increase to our stock actors,

is the Princess's, itself the sole dramatic establishment not subject to Thespian control. To its director, we owe Miss Cushman, the only tragic actress since Miss O'Neil; Miss May, who, if not much at present, is useful, careful, and of promise, when she escapes from tutelage and thinks for herself; Mr. Leigh Murray, a very desirable addition to the Metropolitan staff; and Mr. C. Fisher, always agreeable on the stage, and possessing capacity for more than he has yet attempted. There are others of less note, without counting attempts that have failed, but for which we should be equally grateful, as equally indicating usefulness of intention.

During that period, what has the Haymarket done for the Drama? Nothing! What has Sadler's Wells done for the Drama? Introduced an infinite succession of helpless meanness, destitute of mental or physical fitness, that came like shadows, and have so departed without leaving a memory that we may pleasantly refer to. And what has the Lyceum done for it? It has made a great attempt to launch a new Keeley with an amount of success on which there is no diversity of opinion.

No, forsooth! these theatres are under acting management; and, as such, garrisoned against assault from any respectability in newly-discovered talent; and, like the Theatre Françoise, are

settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to the terrible feat

of starving the vocation that gives them bread. The absence of excitement, consequent to the never-ending repetition of the same character of performance;—the insipidity inseparable from continuing, *ad nauseam*, the same viands roasted, boiled, fried, hashed and griddled, has so cloyed the appetite of play-goers for the contracted bill of fare of the English theatres, that they are driven to foreign singularities for enjoyment; and pay such sums as would recompense the excellence of some five natives for the purchase of the indifferently understood conventionality of a single stranger.

Is it extraordinary that play acting should present all these symptoms of rapid decline from inanition, under a system of barricades, preventing that admission of regular nutriment continually necessary for replacing continual waste, and to afford security against that common-place monotony of mannerism that inevitably enervates all mental powers, however extraordinary, when deprived by monopoly of the wholesome impulse of emulation?

We, who had, at one time, for the old men of two theatres, Munden, Dowton, Fawcett, Mathews, Bartley, and others, then of little note, but who would now hold high places; have at present but Farren, whose excellent talent is passing away before us, and will, no doubt, have left the stage long before he thinks of quitting it. This one to some half-dozen theatres, and no chance of a successor unless Mr. Murray would resign his Edinburgh management: and he is something too much past his teens for experimenting on a new public. When Mrs. Glover quits the scene there is not one to worthily supply her place. We look in vain for a successor to Power; and do not possess one genteel comedian under fifty years of age, but Charles Mathews, and his line is the eccentric, and he is moreover a star: while to support the line of character vacated by the retirement of Mrs. Nisbett there is not one. Yet managements have ceased to seek for recruits out of London; and, believing themselves the governors of supplies, insist that the public shall be satisfied with what they present to them or go without. The public are not satisfied, and the numbers that go without is increasing every year; while those who will not go without have become *habitués* of the Opera, or the French play; where, at least, the insufficiency is not so self-evident. In the meantime some of the

managements have adopted a notion that by keeping mediocrity continually before them, playgoers will, at last, become familiarized, and get a fancy for it; and have established a sort of manufactory for making silk purses out of sows ears, possessing so abundant a supply of the raw material: tasking their own cleverness, and the patience of the town to remedy natural deficiencies apparent to everybody but themselves.

This manufacture of what are called useful actors, that is, those who, from not being good in anything, may be used for everything; and who, having no plurality of bidders for their services may be depended on for doing as they are directed without a murmur, has reduced the dramatic resource of two millions of inhabitants to the level of a provincial town. Their enjoyments depend on promised glimpses of various errant celebrities that are kept in never ending vagrancy, for want of respectable continuous foothold anywhere.

Are we never again to see "Richard the Third," or "Shylock," or "Coriolanus," or "Denis Brulgrudery?" Is "Hamlet" and "Othello" to continue for our time a monopoly? Are the qualities of second-class tragedy to be confined to guttural stilted pronunciation for securing prominence in the principals by flatness in accessories rather than sufficiency of effort in themselves? Must our notions of the gentle Ophelia be vulgarized by affinity of execution with failure of attempt as the Grissette? and that of Lady Teazle be generalized to an equality with her *femme de chambre*? In verity this mediocrity is covering us like a blight, and seems to be a desperate attempt to measure what amount of neglect John Bull will bear, unaccompanied by any observation of the signs of his impatience.

We are told there is no talent in the provinces. We do not believe a word of it. We have no belief in paucity of anything for which there is demand, neither have we faith in the assertion of a revolution in the taste of the public. The constitution of the human mind has not been so changed that dramatic excellence is no longer a delight to those who witness its display. The period is more than ever suited for its welcome. It is an enjoyment the easiest to procure by business men, and we are all, more or less, of the fraternity. It demands no preparation, and leads to no loss of time beyond the portion of existence spent in the theatre. It is an immediate relief from the monotony of everyday life, and is followed by no regret; for there is no other excitement to be charged with so little evil as is mingled with its good. No, no; the nature of mankind has not changed: it is those who have undertaken to superintend this enjoyment that, having wandered from the true path and disgusted their followers, turn round and say: "there is no taste."

We shall not attempt, however, to disguise the fact, that it is not now an easy task for managers to return to the good old system, even did they wish to do so. Their method has become the method everywhere else, and actor management in the country is every whit as deleterious to Art as actor management in the town. The French stage is, in a great measure, supplied from the Conservatoire: many of its most celebrated actors, both male and female, owe their introduction to the boards to that establishment. In England, the actor must undergo a weary and unprofitable apprenticeship in the provinces, until freshness and enthusiasm have been drilled by incompetence into stage trick and traditional conventionality. Few organizations are qualified to survive this trial of self-reliance; for, allowing that average capacity requires direction, first-rate excellence is harassed by too lengthened a probation in leading strings. The desire of applause overpowers the small voice of the inward monitor, and refinement and discrimination are neglected while noise is at a premium. Each succeeding tyro falls into the groove of some

former copyist in an art where "this should be done so," is an absurdity; no study of character warranting anything beyond a hint that here effects may be obtained—while the effects themselves must be the creations of the physical peculiarity of execution allotted by Nature to the artist, and which has its bounds as impossible for him to pass as it is to add an inch to his stature.

When actors assert, that their vocation is advantaged by such tiresome exposure to the spurns

"That patient merit from the unworthy take,"

they degrade their art to a mechanical trade. Acting may be taught by no other instructor than a discerning audience. High talent requires a control that it respects; but its stimulant is innate; and when the power of saying and doing all of its conceptions before the public has been acquired, apprenticeship can teach no more, and the sooner the true artist escapes from an audience of bad judges the better.

But, as we have asserted, actor management is conducted upon much the same principles in the provinces as in the metropolis. The dramatic *chef* of a country town, being, in many instances, an individual that has failed in London, is a petty imitator of what he witnessed in the paradise from which he had been expelled; for he who acts himself cannot escape the taint of being jealous of applause received by any other; and, while he desires to make his actors useful, he has an unsurmountable objection to their becoming popular. While every other dealer uses all available means for proclaiming the value of his merchandize, the acting manager is careless of publishing any talent but his own. He never honours with large letters any but himself, or the star from the metropolis whose celebrity is already established. We have seen a play-bill of "Macbeth," in which the Thane of Cawdor and his wife were in the smallest possible type, while Hecate, by the manager, who could not sing in tune, was advertised in characters that occupied half the entire announcement. But who cared how Macbeth or Lady Macbeth was acted?—the manager played Hecate! Very few came to the performance: it is true, but the principal intention was answered, that of making the public imagine the actors in general were unworthy of notice; and, as the public knew the manager was not worth going to see, they took his own character of the remainder of the company.

We could produce many other instances of managers whose whole efforts seem directed to the extinction of any *prestige* in favour of their actors; among the rest, is one much past sixty years of age, possessing more usefulness on the stage than the Hecate above alluded to, if well directed in his choice of parts; but the entire range of the Drama is too confined for his ambition, and he allots to himself everything that he supposes might be attractive in another: from Romeo to Shylock, from Mr. Honeybun to Othello. There is no certainty for an actor under such government: the manager crosses everything. On bespeak nights, or any others that promise an audience, he is himself the leading personage—no matter what the play may be—and his actors, several of them having capacity to do much, are the slaves of his whim, any opposition to which is punished with dismissal at an inconvenient opportunity for a re-engagement. The gentleman who takes the highest range when the all-sufficient manager reposes, once applied to another establishment for an engagement as first tragedian, and was cast for a comic dance the evening the manager to whom he had written took the pains to come and look at him.

Without dwelling on the fact that, in most cases, the actor manager, not so firm in his position as to be secure from becoming again a wanderer, looks upon the growing celebrity rather as a rival than as an assistant; we may refer to other powerful

motives for their practice, so specious in themselves, that individual reform can scarcely be expected, unaccompanied by such a general revolution in tactics as we see no reason to hope. The lessee of a small theatre, paying proportionally small salaries, is exposed to seeing the best of his actors appropriated by his more influential rivals who pay higher. He knows that the sole motive for exertion in his actor is to escape from his connection, and that all his efforts are appeals to the public against himself; that his success is promotion, and his promotion independence; and, as that independence is a release from his own thrall, he would sooner see him damned than successful beyond a point. Managerial tactics for avoiding this and confounding the actor and the public, become a suicide upon his own success, by treating his actors as his "natural enemies," and striving to implant a notion in the audience, that in acting execution is a secondary matter to direction. There is scarcely a provincial theatre in which this lute between the management and the actor is not more or less in activity, to the destruction of any prospect of a school, and the annihilation of all dramatic feeling in an audience.

When the managers were employed in providing the best they could afford for behind the curtain, and seeking to obtain full appreciation for the material they possessed, there was more generality of dramatic appetite and more judgment in the audience. York was once a celebrated circuit. Tate Wilkinson nursed many an actor into first-rate celebrity. He had no jealousy of his favour with the public, but looked upon his successes as his own; and, when his actors were triumphant in London, the applause they received was, in some measure, shared by himself and his company. What is the York circuit now? Bath was formerly the stepping-stone to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. If one population in England presents more appearance of encouragement to dramatic speculation than any other, it is that of Bath; possessing an elegant theatre, and being within a few miles of another large city in the same circuit, with which plays might be acted alternately, and containing a large proportion of idle opulence, it is quite certain that we must look for the causes for the decay of dramatic taste in the management alone. Our own experience of the Bath theatre quite justifies the Bath people: it is no longer an amusement for them, nor a school for the metropolis. How can managers or actors murmur at want of success when their consciences must tell them they do not deserve to succeed? We are not complaining of the absence of high talent—a scarce commodity anywhere—but of deficient attention to the A B C of their vocation. All people out of London go to a theatre to be interested in a plot and amused by a story. This must be disappointed when, as is often the case, each actor has mangled his part to his own convenience, with full reliance on the ignorance of his audience that the *lapsus* will not be missed. But the spectator does not understand the actor, and is not amused. He is not obliged to say or know why; but the fact is the same, he is not amused: and his remembrance of some five hours spent in a comfortless theatre (for an empty house has as much of discomfort for the audience as the actor) leaves an unpleasant impression on the mind, and he goes no more. It soon becomes so much of fashion to stay away as requires a long period of extreme exertion to overcome.

The mere quality of being letter perfect is within the reach of all, and is the quality most necessary of any: it is the indispensable requisite of the Drama, not being a matter of taste and judgment but of fact. Any incompleteness is intolerable, as not only rendering the individual so sinning personally offensive, but mischievous to those who are with him: not only destroying his own part, but confusing the whole plot of the play, and encouraging inattention generally. When this is tolerated in a company

it is certain to spread, until those who take the pains of getting the text of the author by heart are despised as plodding drudges without resources of their own. We look upon inefficient management to be the cause of this evil; it is the consequence of carelessness, incompetence, or tyranny in casting the characters of a piece. Each actor has a line; is engaged for that line; considers his responsibility confined to that line, and looks to it for his future eminence. All his responsibilities vanish when placed in a position that he feels himself incompetent to fulfil, and he avoids failure by refusing attempt. He *guy*s the part, by leaving out or changing portions of the text, which, though not missed at the time, are often the keys of comprehension to the story. We have known this system of *guying* carried so far as to add the second act of one farce to the first of another; the great bulk of the audience going away unsuspecting of the truth, but without knowing to what they had been listening. This was a biting satire upon manager and actors, inflicted by themselves; for had acting been for any period efficient in the town the public would have known better. Some few were aware that the actors had been laughing at them, and returned home with a feeling in no respect wholesome for dramatic success to the lessee.

We never pass an evening in a country town without visiting the theatre, if it has one. On one occasion, at Gloucester, we assisted, as the French say, at a performance in which there was only one person, a female, that seemed to know more than the general business of the play; she was, to all appearance, letter perfect, but the consequence of her attention to her duty was unpropitious to success as a whole. Keeping the even tenor of her way, without noticing the erratic propensities of her interlocutors, and declaiming most distinctly every word of her part, as each sentence came in turn, without reference to meaning in the *ad libitum* invention of those on the stage with her, or vainly seeking for cues where she very well knew she could not find them, she seemed determined to eschew all responsibility for the defalcations of the rest. The effect was, that the character she represented became that of a deaf woman, who replied without hearing what was said to her. Many in the house doubted, at times, which were in the wrong; but as the audience scarcely exceeded the *dramatis personæ* in number, they were not strong enough to hiss, and the absurdity passed off in solemn silence. We amused ourselves with an endeavour to discover or manufacture a meaning to what was going on, but failed entirely; and it remains quite private and confidential beyond the lamps. The drama was something about the "Bell of St. Paul's." The house, we have said, was very empty, and the manager complained of the non-existence of dramatic taste in the town! Why, a taste for the Drama of which that was a sample, would argue an approach to idiocy in the inhabitants. Let managers prepare what it is excusable to like before they complain of lack of encouragement from the public.

The destruction of the patent theatres has deprived the provincial establishments of their orthodox models, and they are bewildered in the maze of multifarious nonsense that has since deluged the metropolis: receiving advertised puffery and paid-for criticism as evidence of change of fashion. While burlesque was the rage—now subsiding to a sediment at the Lyceum—the theatre of a small town, like the frog in the fable, must imitate the absurdity without those accessories which, on such productions, assume the rank of principals; and, forgetting that the attraction of these montrosities consisted more in their gorgeousness of decoration than the amusement contained in their words or acting, they attempted doing that with faded finery which an almost unlimited expenditure upon stage splendour was not always successful in accomplishing. Few can swallow such pills when not well gilded.

Another cause for the ephemeral attraction that has been awarded to burlesques in the metropolis arises from the prostitution of some celebrated actor. The contemplation of talent debasing itself to become ridiculous is flattering to lower-class self-love; and, for a burlesque to succeed, an actor of celebrity must make a fool of himself. This is an introduction to excellence in *deshabille* that excellence never recovers.

The higher the talent the greater the sacrifice, and the consequent amount of enjoyment to this class of play-goers. If Mr. Macready and Miss Cushman were advertised to jump Jim Crow for their benefits, they might each calculate upon a crowded audience to witness such an exposure; but they never would be again the Mr. Macready and the Miss Cushman they were before. This fancy for seeing any known talent degrade itself is a vice of the foolish that may not be pandered to with impunity to the panderer. The Keeley's no longer occupy in public estimate the position they formerly held. What they have received in cash from the vulgar they have lost in reputation with the judicious. They may have made money, but they have degraded their art.

Let a country manager abjure these frivolities, as mischievous to him, if possible; and as impossible to him, if not mischievous. Let him confine attention to the production of plays of sterling worth—such comedies and tragedies as people may be asked if they have seen. Let him insist, that they shall be studied and acted; and that they shall, at least, be complete as a story, and a public of his own will arise around him. Let him seek to know the peculiar capability of each individual of his troop, and only allot to each those parts in which they will be most efficient. Let him expend a trifle more in extra lighting, and scene-shifters, that his audience may see the actors, and escape the fatigue of long intervals between the Acts. In doing this he will be at once benefitting himself and conferring on his actors all the advantages in his power to bestow, or that they may reasonably require; and, if they neglect or fail, he will have the choice of England to select from. Such sufficiency in system will carry itself through every obstacle; and, while there are few actors who would change those advantages for additional salary, growing business would confer added means for managerial compliance with reasonable demands. Above all things, managers may not calculate upon an increase of audience from lowering the character of the Drama to meet the uncultivated intelligence of the rustic, as some stupid nurses speak bad English to children, thinking they will more readily understand that which is incomprehensible! This is a great mistake. The more perfect the language, the more easily it is understood; and a well-constructed play is more easy to the mental digestion, and more completely satisfactory to the untutored intellect, than any of those odd inventions that now take possession of the Stage for a short period, and then are gone—for ever!—most of them being caricatures of customs and modes of action that are unnatural to the Englishmen of the Metropolis, and entire anomalies to a country audience. Let the manager do these things, instead of pronouncing a condemnation on his own company by the introduction of stars, who carry away the lion's share of their success and leave the theatre a prey to the consequence of that condemnation—empty benches.

Let the actor play everything he has to do as well as he is able, without reference to fancies or dislike of detail in the character entrusted to him. Those disliked portions are often but tasks for his resource to triumph over, and the accomplishments of such triumphs are his only trust for escape from bondage. There is no middle position for him. He is either the slave or the tyrant of a management, and always possesses a justification for the punishment he inflicts in the amount of persecution he

has endured. There is now room for twenty first-rates in the metropolis, of either sex; and, so far from those already there being damaged by the competition, their prospects would be improved into stability by the renewed interest conferred upon the Drama by their accession. THE TRUNK MAKER.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

To the Editor of the "Connoisseur."

MR. EDITOR.—This body, once rejoicing in the titular epithet "Royal," has lately been inviting, or, as George Robins would phrase it, invoking professional persons and others to supply it with what will in time become "a series of authoritative essays, upon every branch of architecture, considered both as a Fine Art, and a Science." And, by way of further stimulation to charitable contributions, this '*Date obolum Belisario*' is enforced by mention of the "honoured names of Chambers, Smeaton, Tredgold," and others, as a strong hint that similar fame may be acquired, of course very easily, by merely producing works of similar excellence, for the express benefit of the Institute.

Surely there is something remarkably cool and easy, not to say impudent, in this open appeal to the benevolence of the clever, the studious, the intelligent. It might have been thought that the Institute would, in the first instance, have turned to its own members, and endeavour to stir and spirit up the *capables* among them to enlighten the profession and the public by their lucubrations. Or are we to suppose that such solicitation has been made to them and made in vain?—that although architectural professors and other scribes and doctors of the art, are enrolled among them, not one of those members is disposed to toil for the belly i. e. the general body? To say the truth, the Institute is very lethargic. It talks, indeed, but then that is no more than talking in its sleep. To the question, "what has it done?" the response must be "nothing." What it ought to have done and might have done, or ought and might now do, is not to be stated quite so laconically. For one thing, it might have established an annual Exhibition of architectural drawings exclusively, to which each member should be bound, under penalty of a certain forfeit, to send at least one subject. It might, again, have begun to form a Gallery of architectural models, that should be open to non-members, students, and the public, on certain days at least, were it only for a single day in each week.

However, it is useless to talk of what the Institute might have done, when we happen to know, that so far from having been disposed to do anything, the Council, four years ago, formally rejected a most spirited and liberal offer, made by a publisher who has always shown himself exceedingly enterprising and zealous in promoting architectural study; and his proposal was, that as individuals in the profession rarely, if ever of late years, published designs of any of the buildings executed by them, however important and interesting they might be, consequently, no authentic drawings of them could be obtained, the Institute should take upon itself to show the world, abroad, as well as at home, all the worthiest productions of contemporary architecture, by bringing out, every year, a volume of quarto size, containing plans, and other engravings, accompanied by explanatory and descriptive letter-press, both which, and the requisite drawings, were to be furnished by the respective architects whose buildings were to be so complimented and honoured. Beyond the trouble—or, considering how greatly it would be serving themselves, we should call it, the pleasure—of reducing their own drawings to the intended size, nothing was required from either the architects or the Institute, because Mr. — offered to take upon himself, alone, the entire expenses of publication, engravings included, and to deliver to the Institute two-hundred-and-fifty copies of each volume! Is it barely believable, that this liberal—nay, noble and generous offer was actually rejected!! Oh! most excellent Institute, what a fact will that be to record in the next volume of your "Transactions," should you ever muster up courage to print another!

After such specimen of its public-spiritedness, its policy, and its patriotism, all we can say to the Institute, and its members, is—

"Go!—hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs!"

L.

MISS CUSHMAN.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is a native of Boston in the United States, and the eldest daughter of a merchant, at one period, in easy if not affluent circumstances; but, subject to that to which all merchants are subjected, and most of all American merchants, commercial vicissitude, his affairs became so embarrassed as to affect his general health, until his death left his widow with five children dependant on her single exertion; the eldest of the females being the subject of this brief memoir.

It is remarkable that the leading tragic actresses of France and England have been, in the first instance, educated for singers. Mlle. Rachel, who has been delighting and astonishing the admirers of first class talent for the last month at the St. James's Theatre, owes her introduction to the stage to the excellence of her singing voice. It was that which admitted her to the Conservatoire, where a disposition for the High class Drama had opportunities to develop itself, and eventually changed the intention of her instructors. May not something of that perfect intonation, perhaps the only characteristic in which the two actresses are in agreement, be referable to the musical preparation and perfection in ear that has been common to them both? However this may be, Miss Cushman's entrance on the boards as an actress was suggested by possession of a contralto voice of extraordinary richness and power. To this was owing her first introduction to public life, at the early age of fifteen, as a singer at concerts in her native city, which became a connecting step to an appearance on the stage that her family, eminently religious, and boasting a descent from one of the Pilgrim fathers, would have scarcely permitted, or herself have contemplated at a single plunge.

The widow at this time supported her family by keeping a boarding-house, and could ill afford the expense of a regular musical education for her child. It was not, therefore, commenced in the best manner, and her progress owed more to the perseverance and good taste of the pupil than to other assistance. Her first instructor was himself a pupil, and his aid was gratuitous; but an amateur, perceiving in her the germ of so much promise, furnished her with funds for obtaining professional teaching, and she entered into an engagement with a regular instructor. About this time Mrs. Wood visited America, and, perhaps perceiving the dramatic capability of the young syren, advised her to utilize her powers on the stage. That lady introduced her to a musician, a native of Ireland, of the name of Mæder, who prepared her for an appearance; and, under his superintendence, she made a regular *debut* as the Countess in the "Marriage of Figaro," the Suzanna being Mrs. Wood. This second step in her dramatic career was made in entire opposition to the will of her relatives.

The step, however, was approved of by the public, and was followed by an engagement as *prima donna* at New Orleans; to which place she was accompanied by Mæder and his wife, formerly Clara Fisher, and well known in England as the infant Richard the Third. During her residence in the south, an attempt too long persisted in for extending the compass of her voice to a soprano succeeded in destroying it as a contralto, and the third step of her dramatic career was the consequence: Miss Cushman became a general actress.

It appears, however, that our heroine was not altogether unprepared for this. She had given many indications of histrionic talent, and had sometimes complained of being cast for parts in which there was no singing. A Mr. Barton was the principal tragedian of the theatre, and he first excited her ambition to become an actress, in opposition to the will of her musical

superintendent. She at length determined to turn her attention to the highest walk of the Drama; and, after a long and stern preparation for her new career, she made her appearance as Lady Macbeth, on the occasion of Barton's benefit. The performance was successful; and her fame at New Orleans was established.

But managers are not to be taken by storm. The potentate of the Drama is more often a plodding man of business than one with a sufficient perception of excellence in the article in which he is a dealer. It is said of booksellers, that he who reads at all will some day read his own name in the Gazette; and it seems a *sine qua non* in a manager that he should recognise no merit in an actor that has not been acknowledged by his own public. The New Orleans success was not sufficient to command an engagement at the principal theatre of New York, and Miss Cushman was consequently compelled to close with the offer of a minor theatre in that city; but extreme anxiety, and, probably, nervous irritability from over-study, interrupted her exertions by a severe indisposition; and an imprudent return to the duties of her profession previous to a sufficient convalescence, produced a relapse, during which the theatre was destroyed by fire and the entire of her theatrical wardrobe consumed in it.

As soon as a return of health permitted, she accepted a short engagement at Albany, from whence, returning to New York, she joined the principal theatre in the inferior character of actress-of-all-work, playing, consecutively, every character the caprice of management chose to appoint,—whether old women, girls, or pages, running great risk of remaining for ever in that very questionable position of what is called "an useful actor," who is always a favourite with the manager, but never with the public. In this trying position she remained three seasons, and to it we may refer that versatility which sometimes disappoints in the actress.

About this period, however, her sister, Miss Susan Cushman, became released from an ill-assorted marriage, contracted at a very early period; and sought, in the excitement of dramatic study, a refuge from melancholy retrospection. The two sisters studied together, and the youngest made her first appearance supported by the elder in the male character of her lover. The success of this experiment, and the opportunity it afforded of pushing her sister in the first line of females, suggested the repeated adoption of the manly gear by the subject of our memoir. The sisters thus performed all the principal characters in the theatre at Philadelphia for an entire season. This was succeeded by a season at New York, accompanied by the same *éclat*; playing together in "London Assurance," nearly one hundred nights. In the ensuing year we find Miss Cushman manager of the Philadelphia Theatre; and it was during that rule Mr. Macready visited America. The English actor was not long in discovering some quality that had not been seen in England for years, and fully appreciating the advantages of so able an assistant, proposed that they should visit some of the northern theatres in company. Referring to the remarkable likeness between Miss Cushman and Mr. Macready, in manner of acting, in voice, and, in some measure, in features, there is evidence that accordance in tone and gesture had been noted in the lady before it was possible that she should have seen her assumed model, either in public or private; although there is a probability that such a resemblance may have been increased by acting together.

To give some notion of the energy of which Miss Cushman is capable, we may state, that while Mr. Macready and Mr. Anderson were respectively starring it at the New York and Philadelphia Theatres, that lady acted with each, alternate nights, travelling every day ninety miles by railway, and playing, every evening,

Lady Macbeth, Lady Constance, or other characters equally consequential and exacting!

On the return of Mr. Macready to England, and something fortified by his approbation, Miss Cushman determined upon encountering the ordeal of old-world criticism; and, with a single female attendant, set out for London. But Tragedy was then a dead letter in this metropolis, and she was induced to visit Paris, where Mr. Macready and Miss Helen Faucit were interpreting Shakspeare to the Parisians. On her return, a second irruption made by Edwin Forrest seemed to afford her an opportunity, and she engaged with Mr. Maddox, of the Princess's, selecting for her first appearance the tragedy of Fazio. She afterwards played Emilia and Lady Macbeth with that extensive actor, to the great comfort of us play-goers; for the praise we were enabled to bestow upon the lady, enabled us to speak truth of the gentleman, without incurring the stigma of prejudice against his country.

Our opinions of Miss Cushman, as an actress, have been given, so much at length, in THE CONNOISSEUR, that it is not necessary to repeat them here. Of one thing we are certain, that she will not take her place until she has been written for successfully, but when or by whom that will be done, we cannot at present give an opinion.

After leaving the Princess's Theatre Miss Cushman accepted a succession of engagements in Edinburgh, Dublin, and the provinces, gathering golden opinions as she passed. Her sister having joined her in England, her second visit to the metropolis was in her company; and their joint performance of "Romeo and Juliet" is familiar with most of our readers.

Our sphere of remark we do not consider to extend beyond the public character of an artist, but we cannot err on this occasion in stating, that this lady's reputation is without a spot in private life; and her amenity of manners to those of her profession, has made her popular in every theatre in which she has acted.

ART-UNION EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

We do not like competitions in art. They have been apples of discord on every occasion, and we have remonstrated against them from the beginning. They have, however, now nearly exhausted their own innate power of evil; and that stern school-master, Paid-for Experience, has opened the eyes of artists to the fallacy of doing that, for the chance of obtaining a reward that has, in appearance, at least some relationship to a gratuity, which, if sufficiently excellent to be successful, is worth more money in the open market. We do not mean to assert that the competitions set on foot by the Art-Union exact the same amount of absolute sacrifice from the vocation of artist as those invented by the Fine Arts' Commission. In one case the pictures were required to be of a size that would bring all, presenting a certain class of ability in execution, within the chance of a private sale; and those whose paintings were beneath that class have only their own judgments to blame for the loss incurred; while the loss may, in many cases, have been recompensed by the usefulness of the attempt to the artist. But the *monstre* Cartoons of Westminster Hall were not merely useless, but so burthensome to their authors as to demand immediate destruction for getting rid of an incubance.

The present competition is, however, if an error, one for which the Art-Union is hardly responsible. It has been reproached for not having directed a portion of its means towards the encouragement of sculpture. Why we cannot understand; for, as all prizeholders may purchase what exhibited work of art they please, without restriction as to painting or sculpture, the

choice of the public is in fault, and not the committee of the Art-Union; this fault of the public being beyond the Art-Union's means to correct. That a demand for sculpture is not concomitant with the habits and occasions of our time is a consequence of causes over which committees of taste have no control. There are feelings, we have no objection to call them prejudices, that do prevent the holders of prizes from selecting naked figures as decorations for their houses, and we believe the same feelings or prejudices would prevent them from retaining those subjects in possession if they were decreed to them without their selection. This prejudice is not universal; but so general, more particularly out of London, as to prevent so much popularity of interest in the contemplation of this description of Art as would promise a support to production, if any artificial means, or direct attention from a body could be sufficient to suggest it. But it cannot: and we do not believe a single sculptor will owe existence to any of these causes that would not have existed without them.

The truth of the opinion above stated is countenanced, if not demonstrated by the present exhibition; for, of the twenty contributions, many of the works were evidently not motived by the competition, having been exhibited before; others from being of a size that could not be used; and the rest only escape the same evidence from having been finished after opportunities for other exhibition had passed by: altogether proving that the amount of expense incurred by the artists is not of moment to be complained of. Does not this paucity of effort prove the intention of the competition to have failed with the sculptor; and does not the solitude of the room in which the subjects are arranged suggest the trifling interest taken by the mass of the public in the matter? We say again that public opinion is impelled by other springs than those that may be furnished by individuals or committees. Look to the signs of the times for the wants of the times and you look to the true motive for production.

The excellence of sculpture lies in form merely; for anatomical correctness, expression, grace, breadth, simplicity, and melody of line are all but elements of design, or modification of the simple quality of form, and may each be present in a high degree, combined with meanness in the rest; but perfection in sculpture can only be supposed present where all these meet sufficiently. It is therefore in reference to the amount of each of these elements that the rank of the production must be estimated as a whole.

No. 1, *A girl persuading Cupid to shoot at one she loves*.—The Cupid, as a single figure, is very satisfactory; the hesitation expressed in his countenance being exceedingly true and happy for the material, and quite in harmony with his attitude; the modelling soft, fleshy, and refined in character. The group is, however, not successful as a whole: in no position could it obtain breadth of light. The stooping attitude of the girl is devoid of grace in line, and we think the want of sufficient beauty in her features justifies the little god in his refusal.

No. 3, *Taliesin Pen Beirdd*.—This is very ugly. If it had gained the prize we would not subscribe to the Art-Union for fear we might win it. Picture the delight of a prize-holder on having this statue sent to him as an ornament to his dwelling house! What a happy thought for *Punch*.

No. 4, *The Contest between the Minstrel and the Nightingale*.—This strikes us to be an adaptation from something we have seen before: it is, however, not a happy adaptation. It wants repose; the lines, cutting each other abruptly, causes the composition to be disagreeable in many points of view. There is much to approve, but no quality is in sufficiency.

No. 5, *Maternal Affection*.—This wants refinement in model and breadth of light; there is a confusion of lines among the

drapery and figures that indicates want of consideration previous to commencing on the material. The expression of the countenance of the standing child is not sufficiently infantine.

No. 6, *Sleep; a Sister and a Brother*.—Again an absence of refinement in model. The breadth is better than the last; but the simplicity of the drapery is obtained by an appearance of leather in the dress. The child is cleverly composed, but softness is not expressed in the flesh as giving way to pressure.

No. 7, *Charity*.—Again defective in choice of model. The female extravagant in breadth of chest and shoulder: suppress the development of the bosom, and the figure would be that of a strong man. The female seems rather to separate the children than to connect them as a group. The children, individually, are cleverly composed.

No. 8, *A Dancing-girl reposing*.—This is very beautiful as a composition; magnificent in breadth of light; with exceeding refinement as to model, and a happy melody of line; the drapery gracefully arranged, and showing the form of the limbs sufficiently, but not too much. There is, however, something to be wished for in the fore-arms, which are a *souppçon* too slender to afford sufficient modelling between the elbow and the wrist for escaping a stiffness or straightness of line that makes a consequence among so much to praise.

No. 9, *A Deer-stalker in Pursuit*.—Here is much power and learning in the muscular detail, with a class of form approaching to the heroic; but it is, after all, rather to be entitled a difficult task well executed, than the production of a desirable work of art. There is great energy and motion in the limbs and trunk, and the countenance is successful in representing excitement and interest in what is supposed to be going on; but the head presents a fault that cannot be passed by. It is quite possible a deer-stalker may be a fool, but it is not a necessary characteristic that he should be an idiot: now, examine the head of the statue, above the frontal sinus, and there is a point-blank contradiction to the energy of character asserted in the rest of the figure.

No. 10, *Innocence*.—We wish this statue had not been removed from the line. It is, no doubt, the one to which the prize has been awarded, and we are not going to contest its deservings; but its position gives it some advantages from the light that may create a murmur. This is, truly, a beautiful production. We believe ourselves anything but enthusiasts, even in Art, detecting, in our very nature, too much of a mechanical searching for causes of all our sensations; but, in contemplating this figure, we feel more than we can undertake to account for in words, as if we dreaded the discovery of some inequality that might alloy the full-satisfaction of enjoyment afforded by such excellence. The face is the very essence of sweetness, innocence, and beauty: and the repose of the whole is so mingled with gracefulness of composition, that it would seem the two qualities had been made but one! She is seated, holding a dove with both her hands upon her left breast, with such a gentle sufficiency of pressure, as may keep it there, without injury to the prisoner. Walk round it, and all is grace and refinement of form. The contour of the back is exquisite in mere melody of line, independent of its truth. The lower portion of the figure is draped with, we think, a little too much of development to the form of the right leg. This statue is, of itself, a reputation.

No. 11, *Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert*.—Something colossal for admission to a moderate-sized residence, but a production of much talent, well composed, and of a high character of form. There is no feebleness of drawing anywhere, and Ishmael is exceedingly successful in sentiment and disposition of limb; but Hagar's features are scarcely sufficient, either in beauty or expression.

Could the artist suppose this a fitting size for the intention of the competition? Does he imagine people will take down the walls of their houses to admit what could not be seen when admitted?

No. 12, *Genius receiving the Reward of Merit*.—Stiff and academical, and deficient in art of composition. The form of the whole has a top-heavy effect on the spectator.

No. 13, *Pastoral Apollo*.—Clever, but rather sharp in the forms, and giving edgy shadows.

No. 14, *A Youth at a Stream*.—Already familiar to the public, having been selected for the original of the bronze prizes in the last Art-Union distribution. It is a well-conceived and beautifully executed statue: broad in effect, and expressive in form and general composition. Such a production, remaining on the hands of the artist, is equal to a treatise on the English taste for sculpture.

No. 15, *Group; Adam and Eve lamenting the death of Abel*.—This is an entanglement of legs, arms and bodies, that seems intended for a puzzle. It is quite impossible that human beings should so get in the way of one another, unless they were enclosed in a bag or box. We are surprised that an artist who could do so much as even this should know so little of the essentials of composition.

No. 16, *Narcissus*.—Much expression and gracefulness in general composition but incorrect in proportion, with lines that cross unpleasantly, destroying breadth of light.

No. 17, *The Meeting of Hero and Leander*.—If there were a prize for the worst, this is the worst.

No. 18, *The Centaur, Chiron, instructing the youthful Æsculapius in the Medicinal Properties of Herbs*.—Æsculapius is reclining in repose against the shoulder of the horse portion of the centaur, while the animal is evidently in motion! This is incomprehensible. There is much that is French in the general appearance of the group; and the composition, as a whole, resembles an *ornolu* clock ornament. There is much of incorrectness in parts, the left leg of Æsculapius having an extravagant twist; the faults are, however, mingled with a great deal that shows study, and will ensure progress.

No. 19, *A Hunter returning Home*.—Wants elevation in character; and, though tolerably drawn, is very hard in detail, particularly about the chest and serratus muscles.

No. 20, *L'Allegro*.—There is much fleshy softness in execution, but a deficiency of ideality. The stage has evidently been the source of inspiration; and the stage is not done justice to. That sharp angle made by the left elbow would not be tolerated at the Opera Français, and is still more objectionable in a statue. The face is, moreover, sensual and vulgar. H. C. M.

THE PAST CONCERT SEASON.

THE concert-giving season is now nearly over,—indeed, those regularly-established have long since finished their annual career. A retrospective glance may not be uninteresting, as it will give an opportunity of fairly testing the merits of each. We now refer to the Ancient, Philharmonic, and Royal Academy Concerts. At the conclusion of the season of 1845, we summed up the annual doings, and showed what each had done for the advancement in their respective lines; and how far they had kept up the character assumed. The Ancient, the oldest-established concerts, claim our first care. The series, commencing on Wednesday, March 11th, concluded on Wednesday, May 27th. The Directors, successively, for the eight, were—The Earl of Cawdor, the Duke of Wellington, The Duke of Cambridge, The Prince Albert, The Archbishop of York, The Earl Howe, the King of Hanover, for whom the Archbishop of York officiated, and the Earl of Westmoreland, a formidable array of Royalty and Aristocracy, enough, of itself, to

support the fundamental resources, for many will always be found, who resort to concerts under such auspices, whether or not they care one jot for music itself, or for the peculiar class introduced. Handel, as usual, is the great stock composer, and large draughts are made from his resources. We would only suggest, that some greater variety might be made in the selection. Of no one who has written so much is there probably so little known. Nor do we find the Directors anxious to increase this knowledge, which they might, with advantage to themselves, and their audience. The same air and chorusses are introduced almost *usque ad nauseam*, for no other purpose, apparently, than that a certain number of old subscribers may periodically nod their heads in keeping time, until soft slumber gently overtakes their dozing senses. The number of composers whose works have been heard this season, amounts to fifty-six, of which, the following is the list, arranged in chronological order:—

Twelfth Century.

Benno, Bishop of Miessen; A.D., 1107.

Thirteenth Century.

A Provençal Melody, by Thibaut, King of Navarre.

Sixteenth Century.

King Henry the VIII., J. Eccard, F. Pilkington.

Seventeenth Century.

H. Lawes, Marcello, Purcell, Steffani, Stradella.

Eighteenth Century.

Atterbury,	Gretry,	Paisiello,
Avison,	Guglielmi,	Pergolesi,
Bach, C. P. E.	Handel,	Piccini,
Bach, J. C.	Hasse,	Porta,
Beethoven,	Haydn,	Rhigini,
Bianchi, F.	Horsley,	Sacchini,
Buononcini,	Hummell,	Spofforth,
Calcott, Dr.,	Martini,	Stevens,
Cherubini,	Mayer,	Vinci,
Cimarosa,	Mehul,	Vogler,
Clari,	Millico,	Webbe,
Clarke, Dr.,	Mornington, Earl of,	Winter,
Danby,	Mozart,	Zanotti,
Gluck,	Nasolini,	Zingarelli,
Graun,	Paer,	

The vocalists who have been engaged, were—Messrs. Bassano, Birch, Caradori Allan, Castellan, Dolby, M. B. Hawes, Rummell, Rupplin, Alfred Shaw, Sunderland, and Anna Thillon; Messrs. Allen, Bennett, Bradbury, Calkin, Hobbs, Hoetzel, Horncastle, Lablache, F. Lablache, Lockey, Machin, Mario, and Pischek.

Of the music, no exception can be taken. The Ancients have especially been adhered to. In short antiquity has been rummaged; and Benno, Bishop of Miessen, Thibaut, King of Navarre, have been resuscitated, to be again, and for ever, probably, consigned to oblivion. For these specimens, we are indebted to the activity of Prince Albert, or somebody for him, as also for the appearance of a Corale, said to have been written by King Henry VIII. It is curious, perhaps, to hear these early attempts: we only wish they had been performed in their original shape, for their only charm was their contrast with the music of the present day, and this was entirely destroyed, by being dressed up with modern instrumental accompaniments.

Of the performance the less that is said the better. The conductor is evidently out of his element: we have had on many previous occasions to regret the want of precision in playing, and the extreme loudness of performance in vocal accompaniment, these are two fatal stumbling blocks to the efficiency of the orchestra, and to whom must we look, but to the conductor, if he has no control, of what use is he? and if he cannot comprehend that he is allowing his band to overwhelm the unfortunate vocalist—again, we ask, of what use is he? Until some change takes place these defects must continue, for we see no attempt at, and, consequently, no hope of, amendment. The Directors will find ere long, that they must make exertions to increase the efficiency of the performance if they wish to retain their audience; or, what is more to the purpose, increase it. The sunshine of royalty, the patronage of

an aristocracy may do much, but not all. The public when it pays wants a *quid pro quo*, and the efforts that are being made elsewhere to improve orchestral playing will eventually urge even an audience at present contented with but little, to demand a greater degree of perfection.

The vocalists acquitted themselves generally very satisfactorily. The only exceptions we make are to some German importations with very rugged names; but Pischek so strongly retrieved the national character that we forget the insignificance of the one in the power of the other. Herr Pischek has gained a very great name in this country; of all the singers who of late years have visited these shores he has produced a greater sensation than any other. Possessing a voice of immense power and of extraordinary softness, a very rare combination, he is able to produce effects by contrast that quite electrify the audience: his extension in the upper notes is also remarkable; he is thus endowed by nature with advantages that few possess, or ever possessed, and we must not be surprised if he is lavish in their use. In particular we allude to the power of contrast from very loud to very soft, or *vice versa*, which, perhaps, he resorts to more than a singer ought whose judgment might shew him that the real expression does not consist in making use of extreme contrarieties; an occasional burst may produce a very grand effect, but alternations of bursts and pianos after a time lose their attraction, the sense becomes palled, and seeks, or wishes some more legitimate means for its gratification. This fault belongs more, perhaps, to the school than to the individual, and greater knowledge of the Italian, (which, after all, is the only real school we possess,) will rectify this tendency of resorting merely to extremes to produce effects. It may appear hazardous in us thus to venture an opinion of one who has taken so strong a hold on public favour, but it has always been, and always will be our endeavour to give unbiassed opinions on all that comes within our province, and if, in so doing, we differ from those generally received and accepted, the sequel will prove the truth.

The Philharmonic Concerts, this year, have differed from those of many years past, in one very essential particular, namely,—the room, on each occasion, was full—sometimes inconveniently so,—all the better for the concern, though somewhat to the discomfort of the audience, more especially during the month of June, with the thermometer ranging at about 80! The melting character of the music was, no doubt, very much increased!—no matter, money came into the coffers; and if people like a little sentimental suffocation, it is their affair. This overflowing has been entirely owing to the appointment of Sig. Costa, as Conductor; and the Directors, to testify their gratitude for his exertions, presented him with a piece of plate, at the conclusion of the series: we hope, therefore, all parties are satisfied with themselves and with each other; we shall not here enter into the merits of the Conductor, having, on a previous occasion, fully discussed the subject: to the opinions then given, we still adhere. In the Musical department some improvement has taken place; some trouble has been taken to vary the programmes from the tiresome monotony which has so long existed, and the example thus set we hope to see carried out more fully in succeeding seasons. Of Symphonies there have been performed two of Haydn's, one in B flat, one in E flat; three of Mozart's, those in C, G minor, and E flat; seven of Beethoven's, the Eroica, the Pastorale, one in F, B flat, A, D, and C minor; one by Spohr, in D; one by Mendelssohn, in C minor; and one by Onslow, in A,—in all fifteen. The Overture list comprises Mozart's "Zauberflöte," and "La Clemenza de Tito;" Beethoven's "Fidelio and Egmont;" Weber's "Oberon," "Euryanthe," "The Ruler of the Spirits," and "Der Freyschutz;" Cherubini's "Les deux Journées," and "Les Abencerages;" Mendelssohn's "Melusina," and "Midsummer-Night's Dream;" Onslow's "L'Alcalde de Vega;" and Lucas' "Regicide,"—fourteen in all: and, in addition, Beethoven's Mass in D, which was intended to be one of the great attractions of the season, but was not altogether successful in the execution. The Solo players were: pianoforte, Messrs. H. Field, and W. J. Bennett, Mrs. Anderson, Mesdames Dulcken and Pleyel; violin, Sainton, Vieuxtemps, and Sivori; violincello, Sig. Piatti; concertante, violin and violincello, Messrs. Deloffre and Pilet; An M.S. concertante quartette, by Spohr, Messrs. Blagrove, Willy, Hill, and Lucas; harp, P. Alvars, and hautbois Mr. Lavigne; altogether a formidable

array of talent. Of these performances we have spoken before, we will not, therefore, repeat our observations; and as the vocal department is only considered secondary at these concerts it will not be necessary to give any additional notice.

The concerts have certainly been made more attractive than on former occasions, the performance has been more satisfactory. Sig. Costa has been the means of infusing a little life into the languid current of usual Philharmonic circulation; and if the exertions are continued the once balmy days of prosperity will, no doubt, again return. The orchestra, however, is still very far from the state of perfection which it aims at; much may be done to improve and invigorate the mass: why some are retained who are, evidently incapable, is a question to be asked. An old servant requires some consideration, and, consequently it may be difficult to do what might be construed into injustice: we content ourselves, therefore, with what we have, lest in straining for more we should be worse off than we are.

Last, though not least in importance, are the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music. Last year we remember to have witnessed some very promising exhibitions of talent: nor is there any lack this season. The vocalists were:—Misses Bridle, Chapman, Cheeseman, D'Ernst, Duval, Graham, Lincoln, Messent, Ransford, Romer, Salmon, Solomon, and Stewart; and Messrs. Garston, Herbert, Kingsbury, Weeks, and Wetherbee. Many of them give much promise: namely, Misses Ransford, Romer, D'Ernst, and Stewart, and Mr. Wetherbee. On the piano, we heard Misses Austen, Byrn, and Laurence; and Messrs. Baly, Palmer, Wilkinson, and Wylde. From these we select Mr. Palmer, and shall be very much mistaken if he does not some day give still greater proofs of excellence: he plays with more expression, than any one we have lately heard; his forte evidently lies in that style, we hope he will eschew the present banging system, which seems so much in vogue. The violinists were:—Messrs. Hill, Simmons, Thomson, and Watson. We single out Mr. Hill on whom to bestow our meed of praise. Of Mr. Chipp, on the violoncello, we have already had occasion to speak in high terms, and his improvement this year is in every way satisfactory. Mr. Wells is a very clever flute player; as also is Mr. Harper on the horn; this does not at all surprise, seeing he comes from a family to which the art of horn and trumpet playing seems especially to belong. The list of students here brought forward evidently shows, that the masters of the Academy are not idle: on the contrary, they seem anxious to bring forward their pupils—perhaps, in some cases, rather too soon—either for their pupils or their own credit. The orchestral department is very defective; it may be difficult to keep up an effective band merely among the present students, nor, perhaps, is it even to be expected, but among the many who have received their education it would not take much trouble to collect a very fine band of players. To make the Concerts more attractive this, certainly, ought to be done at all events. The fault we charge the directors with, is, that they do not make enough use of the talent they have been the means of bringing forward. It would be well to proclaim to the public who have been brought up there. With the means of commanding rehearsals, and of constant practice together, these concerts ought to be more attractive than any other, of the season, but owing, we presume, to some mistaken system of economy this matter is neglected, and the concerts only command attention among those who, from circumstances or by accident, become acquainted that such are in existence. To the mass they are unknown and unheeded; the public is not aware that some of the best of the English singers were educated here; that many of the first orchestral players were turned out from this institution; and that it is to the system of instruction in the rudiments of composition that so many able teachers have been spread abroad through all parts of the kingdom: if, however, no trouble is taken to give the Academy a more prominent place, it is the fault of those to whom the administration of affairs is entrusted.

BENEFIT CONCERTS.—It would be impossible to take notice of one tithe of these private speculations, nor perhaps would it answer any purpose, they are generally advertisements of particular people. Some perhaps have a claim on the public which gives them a right to this publicity, but there are many who instead of thrusting themselves forward ought to hide their diminished heads. Their is no player or singer of eminence who has not been mentioned in our general notices, and we cannot take

upon ourselves to enumerate the host of mediocrities, we wish the concert-givers all the success they deserve—an extension of philanthropy for which we give ourselves some credit.

C. J.

STREET ARCHITECTURE.

To the Editor of the "Connoisseur."

MR. EDITOR.—Within the last few years, rapid improvement has been made in this country, in the external decoration of houses. When we look at the streets which were erected fifty years ago, and those that are growing up under our eyes, we find almost as great a transit as between barbarism and civilization—as great a difference as between the manners of a pedlar and those of a peer. Nor is this to be wondered at, since so much attention has been paid to the subject of Architectural ornament. It is not sufficient merely to erect a habitation commodious and convenient, but some endeavour is also made to please the eye. In calmly considering the matter, it seems strange that external ornament in buildings should ever have been neglected. Houses are made not merely for abodes, but must necessarily be objects to look at. Happily, the hideousness that overspread the great metropolis is now giving way to a better taste. The architect has superseded the mere builder; and, thus, while the art is benefitted, the general character of the artist is improved in an equal ratio. The only danger appears to be, as regards external ornament, lest, by avoiding one extreme, the taste of the day should tumble headlong into its opposite; and, while steering clear of the Scylla of Insipidity, it should be urged into all the Charybdis of complexities. Nor is this a mere visionary notion. A practical illustration presents the two extremes, even in one of our streets. Let any one contrast the two ends of Oxford St., the old and the new, and the want of ornament in the one case, and the superabundance in one or two of the new buildings in the other, is self-evident. For my part, I would almost rather suffer from a plethora, than from inanition; but there are certain limits beyond which it is impossible to go, and these are soon reached: a reaction will take place; and, as in other matters, a standard, somewhat varying according to circumstances, will be the necessary result. Not that I would advocate uniformity of design: this would be as unsatisfactory to the eye, as monotony to the ear. We are indebted, in a great degree, for this growing taste, to the exertions of Mr. Barry, who, in the frontage of some of the Clubs, has shown a taste far superior to anything that ever emanated from any imitation of the Palladian school; and I do hope, in consequence, that we shall now oftener see attempts at originality, even with an occasional failure, than that blind following of antiquity which has so long fettered both the art and the artist.

In speaking of the many new architectural features which present themselves in the different parts of the metropolis since improvements and openings have been made, I cannot pass over a set of five houses which have sprung up in new Oxford Street; they partake of the Gothic character, and are so simple, so chaste, and elegant, that the eye is involuntarily arrested to gaze on them. Notwithstanding their beauty, it may be a question whether the style, if adopted, would improve the general appearance; the character is essentially sombre, and perhaps they impress more from the contrast they present. The south side of New Coventry Street is a sample of very elaborate design: there are some fine points presented, but on the whole the ornament is overdone. The parapet over the cornice is heavy, indeed the whole is top-heavy, and appears as if ready to crush in the ground floor, I might make allusion to many of the other

new buildings, to which, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will on some future occasion refer; but at present I would merely point out what seems to me wanting in the character of these buildings generally. The first thing is that there is a deficiency in height, this is more particularly remarkable in the ground-floors. This want of pitch in the roof, gives a meagre appearance to almost the whole town. Strange to say, the only exceptions are in the gin-palaces, where the height is often carried to the centre of the second-floor of its neighbours, and gives a grandeur by the contrast. Another point is the broken surfaces that present themselves. This defect is in some degree caused by detached balconies. Now it is admitted, that horizontal lines in rows of buildings are preferable to vertical ones; for, contrasting a horizontal line, as presented in the Athenæum Club-house, there will be found but few, who would not, if this were rather universally adopted, instead of each window abutting in isolation. Another, and very material point is gained by the continuity of the balcony, besides the ornamental addition to the general effect, and this is, that it would afford a means of escape from one house to the other, in the event of fire, and would, in this particular, be more efficacious than those unseemly ladders, which are occasionally seen dragging their slow length along. I have mentioned these facts, in the hope, that through your pages attention might be called to the subject, while improvements are in progress. There must yet be many opportunities offered for architectural display, in our metropolis; and the subject of ornament is always more thought of, when it can be united with practical utility. A. E.

DRURY LANE.—BRUSSELS OPERA COMPANY.

ONCE more have we been favoured by this splendid company, for such it unquestionably is, not so much perhaps for individual excellence, although there is no lack of that, but for the astounding fact of its general power. If a *prima donna* is unwell up starts a *seconda* who is all but equal to the *prima*. Should a *primo tenore* or *basso* fail to appear, a *seconda* is to be found instantaneously able to undertake the part with credit to himself and the company, and the inferior parts, in general so vilely executed, are here filled up with most respectable performers—in short, it is the strongest company extant. At the Italian Opera, should any of the firsts be prevented appearing, the Opera must be changed for the capables that are left; but here principals may be ill and the performance scarcely feels the change: putting them in comparison with our National Company, alas! there is none we can boast of to equal their second-rates, and yet the Drury Lane company received a great amount of patronage which if weighed with its deserts leave a debt never likely to be liquidated.

There is a disadvantage the Brussels company labours under, it comes over at a wrong time, London now is out of town. Those that are left have been nearly surfeited with musical varieties, the attraction must therefore be very strong to give even a chance of success, notwithstanding the house has been filled—filled even by Opera's of the very heavy character that belong both to the "Huguenots" and "Robert le Diable."

Their career began on Wednesday the 15th, with the "Huguenots," the principal parts sustained by Mesdames Laborde, Jullien and Guichard, Messrs. Laborde, Zelger, and Delmar, this last a substitute for Massol. It was very uncertain whether the theatre would open on this night, as all the singers had only just landed after a very rough passage from Ostend, during which sea-sickness committed dreadful havoc among the unfortunates who suffer from the infliction. The dire effects were however thrown off, and the curtain drew up at the appointed

time. The music of this Opera is in general of a very heavy, unmeaning character, much as it has been vaunted, there is in fact nothing to make up for its immense length, the pieces which command attention are very few, and far between, and the gaps are filled up with a stunning amount of noise. Almost everything in the shape of an air has been carefully culled by the herd of pianoforte adapters who, without any brains of their own, live by spinning out the ideas of others; and it may be safely affirmed that they have done their work well—they have taken hold of every scrap—so that by hearing the opera itself nothing is gained to the stock of knowledge. The last scene, with all the firing, we positively shudder to think of, and having once heard it, have vowed never again to undergo the infliction. "Robert le Diable" and "Guillaume Tell," have also been performed by the company. The former of the same general character with the "Huguenots" is, however, far superior in musical gems, but both must give way to the fascinations of Rossini, and Guillaume Tell will reign in ears to come when the others are buried in oblivion, at all events in this country.

In speaking of the singers, one fault prevails,—it may be described as the fault of the school—they all shout,—the voices are always on the stretch. Mesdames Laborde and Jullien are both very fine singers; their execution correct and precise; and, in impassioned scenes, they display dramatic power; but the charm of delicate expression, which distinguishes the first-rates of the Italian school, is wanting. Guichard is really a very creditable second; and Mad. Charton, who took the part of Alice, in "Robert le Diable," for Mad. Jullien, who was ill, showed, in a remarkable manner, the force of the company: the absence of the first was scarcely felt. Laborde is an imitator of Duprez, to a great extent, and no unworthy one: those who admire the latter, cannot fail of being pleased with the former. M. Boulu has a fine clear voice, but failed so, in the fisherman's air in "Guillaume Tell," that we must defer our judgment: he could not have been doing justice to himself. Zelger is a host in himself, but reminiscence of Staudigl, in the character of Bertram, in "Robert le Diable," placed him much below that great master. Massol has been praised beyond his deserts,—he is good—nothing more. Delmar and Bareille are both good, also; and the whole form a company seldom equalled in point of strength.

So much had been said of the precision of the chorus and band, that expectation was raised. The chorus is far better than those of this country, for they enter into the spirit of the scene:—ours merely sing the notes; but, for precision, they are much on a par. With respect to the band, we do not hesitate to pronounce it indifferent. M. Hamssens hammers away with his fiddle-stick, and the players follow him, *comme il plaisait à Dieu*,—that is, any how. The playing of the orchestra is invariably too loud: never does the conductor vouchsafe a piano; the shouting of the singers may be partly caused by this defect in the band, if so the efficiency of the whole is materially impaired by the incapability of one; we never heard an overture so badly played as "Guillaume Tell," notwithstanding it was encored. There is a sort of furor existing at present about the Germans: when it subsides they will find their level in society, it will be a high one, but not quite so high in the clouds as their advocates now place them. C. J.

JOHN BERNARD LOGIER.

DIED, at his residence near Dublin, John Bernard Logier, the inventor of the Chiroprast, or Hand-director, and of the method of instruction in thorough basse, so popularly received some twenty-five years ago, as "Logier's System of Musical Education."

This gentleman was a native of Prussia, and had been originally apprenticed to a watchmaker, but he emancipated himself from his indentures after a very short servitude, and, quitting Prussia without beat of drum, came to England, where he entered the army as a musician. Here he very soon obtained the rank of band master, and was considered so excellent an instructor in his department that his pupils were much sought for in regiments that prided themselves on their music. About this time he entered the bonds of wedlock with Miss Wilman, a sister of the celebrated trumpet player of that name, by whom he had three children: Mrs. Allen the celebrated pianoforte player of Dublin, Henry, and Frederic Handel, who settled at Cape Town, as a teacher, where we believe he still continues. Shortly after his marriage, Logier, quitting the army, became an importer and manufacturer of brass instruments, and opened an establishment for their sale, and that of music generally, in Sackville Street, Dublin. It had been his habit, as a band teacher, to arrange his pupils in classes, all playing on the same instrument at the same time. This is supposed to have suggested the idea of a class of pianoforte players, and the advantage it offered in making good timists, and at the same time of getting rid of the nervous timidity that private teaching cannot cure, caused a sort of revolution in method to be received with favour by the public, in spite of the determined opposition with which it was met by the Tories of the art.

But Logier, like all self-taught men, was a disciple of progress, and his continued encroachment upon the received notion of sufficiency at length amounted to the determination of giving his pupils some of the theory of music along with the practice, and his system of thorough bass was the consequence. This innovation alarmed the musical body to its very extremities; for the majority of the teachers knew nothing of thorough bass themselves, and the notion of expounding a science to children that had not lost any of its complexity with grey headed professors, seemed to them to be an absurdity deserving of ridicule, and such a pretension to do what was impossible as amounted to quackery. However, the Academy at Sackville Street flourished as it were in spite; teachers began to be asked if they could give instruction on Logier's system, and professors came to Sackville Street with their hundred guineas fee to be instructed in the mystery. About this period occurred the death of the first Mrs. Logier, and the adventurous professor proposed to, and was accepted by one of his pupils, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Maguire, a celebrated miniature painter of Dublin, the bride being some years junior to the bridegroom's daughter. By this marriage there was a numerous issue.

The success of his system in Dublin excited the ambition of Mr. Logier to the attempt at its establishment in the English metropolis, and he came to London, we believe in 1817, bringing with him several of his young pupils, and invited the public to an examination of their acquirements at the Argyle Rooms, among the rest being the members of the Philharmonic Society, many of whom attended. The affair produced much discussion, not unmixed with abuse. Pamphlets, caricatures, and literary squibs, however, served but to advertise the system, not to put it down, and Logier was encouraged to establish himself in London as a teacher. He found means to tempt Frederick Kalkbrenner, the grand Mujeik of brilliant execution, to join him, to whom being added Samuel Webbe, son of the celebrated glee composer of that name, and himself a musician of some celebrity, in opening an academy; and No. 20, Bedford Place, Russell Square, having a western branch in Lower Seymour Street, was opened under the firm of Logier, Webbe, and Kalkbrenner. Here might be seen the *élite* of England's aristocracy;

the Pagets, the Hastings's, the Villiers's, and the Seftons, playing in concert under the new system. Professors came from all parts to be instructed, and opposition was paralyzed by the brilliancy of his success. He at this period refused two to three guineas per hour, for private lessons. But gradually academies began to multiply, the agreement with Kalkbrenner, to which he had consented for a consideration, ended with the second year, and an *affaire de cœur* suddenly causing his retirement from England, the prestige connected with his name was lost; Webbe opened an Academy on his own account at Woburn Place, and Logier, not possessing that amenity, perhaps sycophancy of manner so necessary to a permanent influence with the great, there was a marked falling off in the parent establishment during the succeeding London season.

At this period, however, the reputation of the system had extended to Prussia, and Spohr, the great violinist and composer, was commissioned to inquire into its merits. The result of his report was that the inventor was invited by the government of Prussia to visit his fatherland, for the purpose of instructing the school teachers in his method, and Logier immediately gave up his establishment in Bedford Place, and proceeded, accompanied by his family, to Prussia. He remained there about two years, when he returned to England, and opened an Academy in Bond Street; but his old connection had been broken up, many having been offended at being left with so little ceremony. This reason, added to the circumstance of the Marquis of Anglesea being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, suggested to Logier the advantage of returning under so distinguished a patronage to the scene of his first success, and he recommenced in Dublin; but from causes to which it is not necessary to allude the female portion of the Anglesea family did not remain in Ireland, and the intention of the removal was disappointed. The shop in Sackville Street was no longer in his possession, having been transferred to Mr. Ellard, who had been its superintendent under himself. He, however, opened another in the same street, and continued as dealer and teacher with various success, having, within a twelvemonth previous to his decease, entertained an intention of recommencing in London.

Logier's life is that of a man dominated by an energetic nervous temperament. Confident and self-relying, he never hesitated to throw away present advantage from full belief of innate power to recreate them at his will; his career was a series of fortunate mistakes, like a chess-player, that by a bad move overlooked by his adversary, finds himself in an excellent position for winning. How he obtained the musical knowledge he undoubtedly possessed is an enigma that will never be completely solved, for his early life was something of a mystery to his own family. His age must have been more than that reported: the fact of having a very young wife rendered dates with him a delicate subject, but we have reason to believe he counted more than seventy summers, notwithstanding the vigour of his appearance. Independent of music, his general knowledge was very limited, and he was so much the creature of impulse, that those who knew him best could not, at any time, calculate on his conduct. He was, in early life, fond of athletic amusements; was an expert fencer, whether with the rapier or the broad sword. On one occasion, when teaching the trumpet, as band-master, and standing in the centre, with a circle of pupils around him, he made some remark to one of them, which being replied to with what he thought deficient respect, he made a blow at the pupil's head with the trumpet he had in his hand. The pupil, having himself some skill in fence, and being, moreover, an Irishman, received the blow very coolly, not upon his head, but on his trumpet! and, very naturally, reposted immediately upon his master: this went on to a

contest of some length,—to the great delight of the other pupils—that ended in the total destruction of the trumpets, without the slightest damage to the combatants!

Those who estimate Logier's system by comparing it with the present habit of teaching, do not treat it fairly. It was not uncommon in his lecture-room to see a professor of fifty years of age receiving instruction from a child of seven or eight, so little theory was then mixed with practice. That which satisfied, and even astonished, a man like Spohr, must not be treated as foolish by those who have been seeking a reputation and have not found one worth having. That no great composer has emanated from his tuition is not to be charged as a fault, for his system pretended to nothing beyond grammatical construction; taste, and judgment, are not obtainable, on such easy terms, and must have the source in the soil as well as the seed.

O. P. Q.

REVIEW.

MEMOIRS of the Count de Grammont and Charles II. Bohn's extra volume. By Anthony Hamilton.

The memoirs of the Count de Grammont are written in a most pleasing style, and although containing much that by some may be considered objectionable, yet on the whole they give much real insight into the Court manners of the time. The author, who was brother-in-law to the Count, had opportunities of knowing well the circumstances he details; for not only was the Count a participator in the scenes related but the author, and the Countess, his sister—so that much was written from actual observation, and but for these memoirs a link in the chain of historical events would be wanting for the reign of Charles II.: independent of the Court, it would be only an account of indolence and imprudence on the part of the King, intrigues of the Ministers, and wantonness among the people lately broke loose from puritanical prudery.

The Boscobel Tracts, which are added to the Memoirs, are of course too well known to be more than mentioned, and with them the volume contains, altogether, an interesting account of the events of this remarkable period.

DRAMATIC SUMMARY.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mitchell has nobly kept his promise to the public, and play-goers have had ample opportunity for estimating the quality and class of excellence that has placed Mlle. Rachel at the topmost pinnacle of dramatic reputation. It is not our intention here to enquire into the claims of the classic school of writers for the stage in competition with our own Shakespeare—that subject may furnish matter for disquisition at an early occasion, but would be out of place at present. If the Classic Drama afforded facilities to the actor for producing effects we might attribute Mlle. Rachel's success to that source; but we believe the reverse to be the truth, and that those interminable speeches, with their monotonous regularity of metre throughout, contrive a bondage for the actor that exacts an increase of talent and of effort to overcome—a talent and an effort, as exemplified by the *artiste* in question, far beyond anything the creators of the medium through which it is expressed ever imagined could have existence. The endeavour to describe the every shade of passion in so many words, and the determined amplification of the author, render, in the Classic Drama, a climax that shall electrify an audience by a sudden burst, then leave the actor in comparative repose, impossible; but, in its place, we have a simplicity of action that demands the intense energy of excessive finish to make it supportable: a continued personation of suffering that natural nervous organization could not go on and bear. Take Phedre for an example, in which the actress has to represent the extreme of mental torture from the commencing appeal to the sun.

"Noble et brillant auteur d'une triste famille,
Toi, dont ma mère eût se venter fille,
Qui, pour être renga du trouble où tu me vois,
Sesell, je te viens voir pour la dernière fois!"

In which she plunges at once into all that is possible of human

misery, to be continued without intermission till her suicide by poison in the last act.

"J'ai pris, j'ai fait couler dans mes brûlantes veines
Un poison que Médée apporta dans Athènes
Déjà jusqu'à mon cœur le venin parvenu
Dans ce cœur expirant jette un froid inconnu;
Déjà je ne vois plus qu'à travers un nuage
Et le ciel et l'époux que ma présence outrage
Et la mort à mes yeux dérochant la clarté
Rend au jour qu'ils souloient tout sa parité."

Every line, word, and we may almost say letter, illustrated by such perfection in the expression of remorse, pain, and gradual death, as leaves nothing but wonder to the critic. Add to this that every act and gesture is controlled by so much natural grace that the actress is at all times a beautiful study in composition, presenting a grandeur of conception as a whole that is a lesson in Art to those who have spent a life of enquiry into that subject as a principal which is to her but an accessory. While she is in repose she seems created for repose, and when in action action seems to be her excellence. We do not content to these opinions after hasty examination and adoption of hearsay encomiums, but from repeated observation, motivated by unbelief in popular rumour.

There is a certain amount of repetition in resource, consequent to the construction of the Classic Drama that leaves, to superficial examiners, an impression of sameness, and which, from ordinary interpreters, is both tedious and repulsive; but this is overcome in the minuteness of detail which accompanies and illustrates each syllable uttered by the gifted example we are attempting to describe. Thus, we can scarcely refer to points in her acting, all parts exacting extremity of effort, and all exactations being satisfied.

Raphael Felix, apparently a very young man, is an able supporter of his sister. Of the remainder, they just tell us how detestable is the classic style, when entrusted to mediocrity. The simplicity in the action of the Classic Drama exacts proportionate attention to the perfection of the few properties it requires; and the dresses and scenery prepared for this succession of performances, were brilliant examples for managers generally to imitate. We regret, but are not surprised, to have seen how little curiosity was possessed by the actors of London for the mere enquiry as to the justice of the reputation of one of whom they must have heard so much.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The engagements of the Misses Cushman and Madame Thillon have been the principal attractions of the month at this theatre. The sisters closed their series of performances by a benefit, on which occasion was revived Boircault's clever comedy of "London Assurance," Miss Cushman undertaking the character of Lady Gay Spanker, the creation of Mrs. Nisbet, and Miss Susan Cushman that of Grace Harkaway, originally acted by Madame Vestris. The second piece was Guy Mannering, in which the character of Meg Merrilies may now be considered Miss Cushman's personal property. We do not think Lady Gay Spanker a success as Miss Cushman has the custom of succeeding. The intense quality of her style had not enough of the make believe in it for the fiction played upon Sir Harcourt, and the audience were not sufficiently in her confidence from concurrent bye-play, to excuse the acknowledged coarseness of the manoeuvre, which requires occasional doubts of its propriety even from herself. We must, nevertheless, admit there is no other on the London stage who would have acted it so well. Miss Susan Cushman is more at her ease in genteel comedy than in tragedy, and will, no doubt, prove an acquisition to our theatre when familiarity with a London audience shall have polished a little of inequality in her declamation, which we observe to be sometimes hurried; not where points are to be made, but in the intervals, for then the resources of the actor are often in more absolute requisition than where the text indicates the business with more entirety.

We have also to notice the appearance of a lady new to the London Stage, in the character of the Widow Behmore, in "The Way to Keep Him." The *debutante* has been playing under the name of "Williams," at Hull, York, and Edinburgh, not, we believe, on the usual professional footing, but, having pecuniary means at her disposal, with the determination of acquiring in haste, before an audience, that which should be prefaced by severe and continuous study in private. This lady possesses many personal advantages; is the tallest female on the stage, but so proportioned, that her height is never objectionable. Her eyes are large and effective—an advan-

tage of which the owner has full cognizance. Her features are, under some views, pleasing; but the formation of the mouth promises difficulty in articulation, and it keeps its promise to the letter. Her voice wants power and compass. With this lady's stature, sufficient quietness and grace of carriage would confer a character of style better suited with her physique than a restlessness of manner by which all consequence in the scene is sacrificed. Mrs. Williams appears to us to have approached the profession of the Stage with an insufficient appreciation of its difficulties; has supposed acting an art requiring nerve and nothing else; and has thought a mere rattle of the text was vivacity. She is not alone in that opinion in private life; we know a great deal of vivacity of that description; but we must have selection on the stage, and the vivacity of the Widow Belmore is not the flippant unquiet loquacity of a boarding-school Miss. The lady was, however, as usual, called on at the end of the performance, but, in spite of friends, her success might be denominated "whitey-brown." By-the-bye, we doubt the good taste of throwing bouquets on to the stage, from the orchestra. The play was acted well in all the other characters,—in some of them excellent. Farren, as Sir Bashful Constant, if twenty years younger, would have been perfection; but, on the stage, ability to play a character often comes too late to look it completely. Mrs. Humby was the pink of Lady's maids; Brindal's side-board without a crack; and Clarke a reality of a footman. All these were gems. Mrs. Seymour looked beautiful, and played Mrs. Lovemore well, as far as it went; but something below pitch. Miss Telbin, very useful sometimes, did not look Lady Constant; neither did Hudson ever deceive the audience into supposing him Sir Brilliant Fashion: we have nothing to say against his conception, because he did not produce it; but his voice, manner, and countenance, are each disqualifications for the character that no amount of talent can overcome. This actor is thrust into such a variety of parts, that neither himself nor the public have yet discovered what he is fit for, although that he has much available dramatic talent no one will dare to deny. Mr. Holl's Lovemore, though full of manner, was effective and playful. If this actor would warble less, and speak more; stand upright sometimes, and not indulge in a fashion of walking about with his body at an angle of fifteen degrees to his legs, and his arms dangling before him, he would get rid of peculiarities that are much in his way. Gentlemen occasionally stand upright, with a full chest and a hollow back, whatever Mr. Holl may think to the contrary.

Mrs. Williams has made another effort in the character of Lady Townley, in Vanburgh's play of "The Provoked Husband." There was more of study, and soberness of demeanour, in her personation on this occasion, as shewing her estimate of the difficulties she had to encounter was on the increase. The audience were patient until the end of the performance, when disapprobation was audible, and the usual marks of approval were faintly attempted, and not persevered in. We are not grateful for this attempt to add to the dramatic means of the metropolis, for we do not believe that the manager, for a moment, had faith in its success. The play was tolerably well acted. Stewart's Lord Townley was most respectable; Farren's Sir Francis Wronghead, Buckstone's Squire Richard, Mrs. Glover's Lady Wronghead, and Miss Bennet's Miss Jenny, various and characteristic. We cannot pass without remark Mr. How's Manley, as being an excellent personation, so sufficient, and so much in keeping in all its parts; enough, without ever being obtrusive from ambition. The head-dress did not suit Mrs. Seymour, and Mr. Brindal's Count Basset was much below par.

The farce of "Borough Politics," by Mr. Marston, the author of "The Patrician's Daughter," a serious play that obtained a partial success at Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. Macready, has had a run, for which it was much indebted to the excellent acting of Messrs. Webster, Buckstone, Brindal, and Mrs. Glover. The comic portion is something encumbered by the love-story, which was increased in heaviness by being a little over-acted, by Mrs. Edwin Yarwood. By the term "over-acted" we mean too well acted; and would be understood to say, that her pathos was of too extreme a sort, to have its place where all the rest was fun. Mrs. Glover was all her part would permit. Buckstone, as the editor of *The Bubbleton Denouncer*, and whether or no a fair representative of the provincial press, was a thundering representation of the genus agitator; and Brindal a whole-hog epitome of his tail, without which important ac-

cessory the principal cannot be. Mr. Webster was not Mr. Webster, but Nathan Thompson, the farmer. This gentleman is, in many respects, the *beau ideal* of a manager: in all the varied line of parts that he supports in turn, we never, in a single instance, find him supplanting one of his actors. He never takes first choice. He seems to have no *amour propre*—no selection,—never undertakes a part from any other reason but that no one would do it so well; and never produces a piece on the single recommendation, that it contains a character that suits himself. If this principle were acted upon more generally, among actor-managers, the Drama would be in a very different position to that in which it is at present. But to the plot:—

Nathan Thompson, a wealthy farmer, with a good-natured illiterate woman to wife, is applied to by Florid, the patriot of the town, and his friend Sweetlip, to oppose Dr. Neville, in the ensuing election for the office of mayor of Bubbleton. Mr. Thompson is not ambitious; and, as his daughter and Frank Neville are about forming a matrimony together, he discourages the proposal. Mrs. Thompson, however, is ambitious; is dazzled by the consequence attached to office; and some ill-advised allusions to her want of taste, education, &c., made by Mrs. Neville, provokes the farmer to accept the proposition of Florid, and become a candidate for the mayoralty. The consequence of this, is the breaking-off the match between the young ones. In the second Act, we find the success of Thompson considered certain. The farmer has himself become ambitious; and his wife, rendered uncomfortable by his change of manner, and the observing that her daughter, whom she loves, is gradually sinking as a sacrifice to the feud between the families, sets herself the task of undoing all that had been done. The farmer also loves his child, and at length, with some difficulty to himself, and annoyance to Florid, who has studied a speech for the occasion, he declines the contest at the eleventh hour, and the lovers are restored to each other.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—There has been an attempt at this theatre, since our last number, to add another female tragedian to the Drama. The success of the lady whose portrait we this month present to our readers has suggested to the manager to look in the same direction for the appearance of another luminary—theatrical stars being now expected to rise in the western horizon. There is a story of a sailor, who placed himself, for safety, opposite to the hole made by the last shot, calculating on the improbability of another ball coming in the same direction; and the result of Miss Virginia Monier's attempt rather goes to support the prudence of Jack's practice. Miss Cushman is not to be received as a specimen of American actresses, but as an exception; as an actress in spite of circumstances, presenting no similarity with the conception or execution of the lady who has followed her. The one surprised the audience with something of which they had neither precedent nor expectation; the other is exactly what might be calculated upon, as coming from the school that reared an Edwin Forrest and a Hudson Kirby, conventional sounds being used to represent passion in the absence of feeling.

The part selected for a first appearance was that of Mrs. Haller, in "The Stranger"—a play it has become a fashion to condemn. Every critic who alludes to it, and every time he has occasion to allude to it,—and that is not seldom, for it is a favourite both with actors and the public—takes care not to miss an opportunity of showing that he is virtuous; and approaches the subject with his hands before his eyes, as the nursery-maids used to look at the Achilles in Hyde Park, condemning, with twenty-parson power, the morals of the age that could tolerate compassion for such a naughty, naughty woman! There were no newspapers among the ancients, or Fudge would have had a temple! Why! what would these inveterate moralists have? The woman expiates her crime by the remorse and unhappiness of her remaining life; and, according to the English version of the play, which is the one referred to, she dies of a broken heart at the end. We shall, in future, set down all such ultra morality as emanating from a disorderly imagination. Indeed it is usually most obtrusive in a sporting paper, and near an advertisement of the "Judge and Jury Court!" An indifferently-honest man has no occasion to clothe himself with such affectation of sanctity. The character of Mrs. Haller has been acted by Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and Miss Cushman; and no moral obligation is rendered less stringent by showing deep-seated sorrow for repented error—we have no objection to say—crime; neither is there any

encouragement furnished to impurity from the pity raised in an audience, by the punishment to which the criminal has been subjected.

Miss Virginia Monier appears to pride herself on the possession of two voices, the upper of which, confined to the utterance of passages requiring but a quiet delivery of the words, is sufficiently distinct and unobjectionable; but those portions of the play supposed to demand pathos are furnished by the lower tones, which, besides being hoarse, ragged, and unpleasant, always follow an apparent making ready for work that warns the audience of something coming. These are not the only evidences of a bad school; there was that repeated dropping of the voice at the end of each sentence that turns level declamation into bad singing, and shows the mind is not in the words uttered. The conception was on a level with the execution. There was no high-souled endeavour to conceal her anguish of mind and avoid enquiry, but a vulgar display of noisy grief, as if the actress wished to give the lower notes of her voice a fair turn in the work of the evening. Her figure is tall, but deficient in dignity and importance in the scene. Real feeling, that promethean fire that animates to truth, and even excuses partial insufficiency, was nowhere evident, and Miss Virginia Monier may not be referred to as an acquisition, even to our present dramatic means.

Mr. Charles Mathews and Mad. Vestris have been more successful cards for the manager than his transatlantic speculation. The Merry Wives of Windsor has been produced with great tact and skilful adaptation of the material; employing more than the strength of the company it is true, but using even its weakness with effect. Mr. Granby's Falstaff might have been richer, but, nevertheless, like everything Mr. Granby undertakes, it was a most respectable performance that was never in the way, a negative sort of characteristic that is, now-a-days, a distinction. Charles Mathews's Sir Hugh Evans was true to nature, though a little extravagant in parts; Compton's Master Slender truth without extravagance; Mad. Vestris looked everything we could wish as Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Stirling, if she had laughed a little less would have been satisfactory as Mrs. Ford. We thought C. Fisher a strange selection for Pistol; he however acted conscientiously in a character for which he is unfit, while Harris in Peto took him for a model instead of seeking a humour for himself. The gem of the play was Mr. Wallack's Ford, a perfection throughout, rich in study and happy in conception; its execution presented one of those morsels of exquisite finish the entire number of which a playgoer can count upon his fingers. His jealousy was never exaggerated but always in fine keeping, and every word was said as if his very soul was exposed to the audience.

"I do not misdo my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: a man may be too confident."

And the soliloquy at the end of his first interview with Falstaff, beginning:—

"What a damned Epicurean rascal this is."

But it is useless referring to portions of a performance in which all was excellent. If Wallack's place could be supplied in Ford, we should like much to see him play Falstaff.

Another successful novelty of the month has been the revival of Sheridan's "Critic," Sir Fretful Plagiary and Puff being both played admirably by Mr. Charles Mathews. Here we had another happy instance of making the most of a company. Excepting Mr. Ryder's Sneeer, which was worse than nothing, as being in the way. We never saw "The Critic" better produced; the heavy portion of the supposed Drama being cut out, and not missed by the audience. Messrs. Oxberry, Walton, Harris, Courteney, and Miss Emma Stanley, were giants in art, when their task was to caricature a tragedy, but the Whiskerados of Mr. Compton was a failure. This actor has no second self, and the audience could discover no difference between his individuality of manner when plain Mr. Compton, and his conception of the ridiculous in the Don he was attempting to travesty. Mathews's Puff could not have fitted him better had his measure been taken for the character by the author; it was rich, racy, and artist-like.

"The Sleeping Beauty" has been also revived with much splendour, and is now attracting all the admirers of glitter and bad puns. The orchestra of this theatre is admirably efficient, and

almost the only one not operative that succeeds in making the overture an attraction.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—"L'Image" has been translated for this theatre, under the title of "The Maid with the milk-pail," Mrs. Fitzwilliam taking the part so delightful in the hands of Madame Doche. There is a *furor* among actresses of a certain age, for exhibiting themselves in parts where youth and beauty, or the appearance of it, is an absolute requisite. The younger portion of the audience say, with the frogs—"This may be play to you, but it is death to us!" Wright acted the calculating rustic well, excepting when he ran back so often. This practice of repeating the same joke as long as the audience will allow it, is unworthy an actor of Mr. Wright's rank. There has also been another affair produced here, and which continues to be perpetrated nightly, called "Abraham Parker," in which a run-away Railway Committee-man is mistaken for the Egyptian lion, Ibrahim Pacha. This farrago of nonsense in a healthy state of the Drama, would not have been tolerated to a conclusion, but the Adelphi audience only want an excuse to laugh, and think a bad excuse is better than none. There is a futile attempt at an Irishman here—Mr. Redmond Ryan, that does not improve on acquaintance. Mr. Boyce does not seem to be aware, how much advantage an actor derives from sufficient attention to dress and making-up. If he takes snuff, it is a bad habit for an actor of *jeunes premieres*, and the sooner he leaves it off, the better.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—"Hot Weather" is a pleasant little *jeu d'esprit* that will not offend from tediousness. In it we have Mr. and Mrs. Keeley in *naturalibus*—don't mistake us, we mean unclothed by any dramatic assumption, and appearing under their own names. It is worthy of remark how small the difference between the Keeleys themselves and the characters they are supposed to act sometimes. There they were, however, receiving excuses from the different personages of their dramatic corps, who, unable to resist the oppression of the weather, have taken unasked-for holidays. The runaways are at length discovered in different parts of the theatre, and business is allowed to go on as usual. The audience laughed, but some of the actors did not seem to like it. "Above and Below" is a translation from the French, the greatest interest depending upon the ingenuity of the theatrical carpenter. In it we have the view of a *premier étage* and a *rez de chaussée*, or ground-floor of a Parisian house, in which are continued two distinct plots, meeting at the end by the marriage of the young lady in the first-floor with the young man of the ground-floor. The moral of the piece seemed to be that a banker is an upstart aristocrat, who will not allow his daughter to marry the son of a drunken old clothes man, if he is asked to do so. Mr. Wigan had a part entirely unsuited to his style of acting and manly appearance. Keeley played very well in a part that was of course made for him. The carpenter was not called for at the end, as he should have been.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—This petite theatre, after much flourish of trumpets, has been opened for the performance of the regular Drama under the direction of Mr. Abington, some three years lessee of the Southampton Theatre, and, more lately, but for a shorter period, manager of the Norwich Circuit. This gentleman is reported to be of independent fortune and college education. Those who suppose that these accidents necessarily imply increase of fitness for dramatic personation may, by paying a single visit to the Queen's Theatre, at once relieve themselves from a vulgar prejudice; for we never saw Shakespear so completely unpoetised as in the attempt of Mr. Abington to enact the character of Shylock. We have seen this play acted we do not know how many times, and it has been our lot to witness, in public and private performances, not a few instances of ill-treatment to the principal character; but, if there were a gold medal to be given to the worst actor of the Jew that Shakespear drew, and it were not to be awarded by acclamation to Mr. Abington, he would become an injured individual and a victim to critical corruption. To carry bad acting as far as it went on this occasion requires an ingenuity of no everyday-to-be-met-with description; for its description did not at any time appear to arise from want of study, but from a perverted intention, corrupted from usefulness by a desire to be singular; a determination that no sane man in the audience should guess truly what was coming. The actor could not be said to fail, but rather to have succeeded too much, being always trying at something wrong: conception, rather than execution being at fault. There is no physical insufficiency to blame for this: he has a voice of power and varied

resource, over which he maintains a despotism that sets all principle of light and shadow at defiance. His person, though small (since Edmund Kean, hardly a fault upon the stage), is well-formed, and his countenance handsome and capable, presenting, altogether, advantages, that it should seem impossible to negative so completely, by affected vulgarity of conception, as this actor succeeds in doing. This extreme familiarity in style degrades everything he attempts, and, in a lesser degree, destroys his effectiveness in genteel comedy. The vicious theory upon which his manner has been founded, so infused its poison into his Charles the second, as to reduce the character to a nonentity in the play of that name. Of the other actors, we may mention Miss Clara Seyton, a lady already familiar with a certain portion of the public, as a lecturer on the Drama. The singularity of a female lecturer created for this lady a consideration that, in some measure, resembled a success, but this singularity no longer accompanying her as an actress, the dramatic powers of Miss Seyton have to be measured with reference to another standard; and they fail to entitle her qualified for sustaining the character of Shakespear's Rosalind, although in comedy of less exacting description, a certain amount of assurance possessed by this actress may be considered as usable. Of this company, as a whole, Mrs. R. Gordon is certainly the leader. With a very pleasing voice, and agreeable elocution, this lady would challenge with advantage many we have in town. There is some deficiency in power that we would not decide to be irreparable, for there is a difficulty to get up the steam for a series of empty houses; and we should say, the support Mrs. Gordon receives, would scarce warrant a great variety in that respect. Miss Huddart has an elegantly-formed person, and deep-toned voice; but is mannered in delivery, and will not stand upright at any time. Miss Beauchamp tries to sing sometimes; and Mrs. Selby is an old acquaintance with the public. For the males, we have Mr. T. H. Lacy, late of Sadler's Wells, rather improved since he was there; Mr. Barton, possessing a steady elocution, something alloyed by occasional Macreadyisms; Mr. Craven, a tolerable light comedian; Mr. R. Gordon, and Mr. Rodgers, for the old men; and Mr. Emery, who was with Davenport at the Olympic, having indications of comic power, which he mars, in endeavouring to assist, by imitations of Wright of the Adelphi. These, with a residue of rather well-selected inferiors, form a groundwork which Phelps and Creswick would vivify to much more of accomplishment, than the troop lately at Sadler's Wells; for, excepting the manager, there is nothing positively objectionable. But here is neither Phelps nor Creswick; and the prices of admission are double those of the Spa Fields' establishment.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood have commenced their season with Shakespear's "Henry IV," Part the First, introducing to the London stage a new actor, Mr. Creswick, in the character of Hotspur. In an early portion of this Number we have reproached the management of this theatre for not having enriched the Drama with a single actor of promise to the stage; but that the sheet is printed, we would now erase that paragraph, or at least confine its reference to the late management; we must, however, substitute here our acknowledgment, that it has nobly, under its new circumstances, redeemed itself from such stigma. Mr. Creswick is an artist of great performance, and of still greater promise. His Hotspur was an excellent conception, brilliant in its execution: a little hurried sometimes, and perhaps at times a little loud, but always full of attention to light and shadow, and never losing sight of general character. We look for great things from Mr. Creswick. We have a "crow to pluck" with Phelps's Falstaff: it was by no means a triumph. First for the making up:—the greatest size was in the chest; a man of the bulk of chest and limbs there exhibited would be a Hercules in strength and vigour: a consequence certainly not intended, for he was represented far more tottering and feeble than it was legal to suppose a man should be that held a commission in active military service; then all fat and heavy men keep a straight leg under them; they have no choice, they must do it; they are compelled to so obtain a firm support; again, the protuberance before obliges them to throw their heads well back for balance. Mr. Phelps tottered with bent hams and stooping shoulders. We do not like to see Falstaff's cowardice exaggerated: Falstaff is not a coward so much as a prudent fighter; in the Gad's Hill affair he should have borne his share like another. We believe the humour of the knight to lay deeper than in these practical buffooneries. The piece was excellently

put upon the stage, and must have cost a round sum to the management. There is now a division of the box company that may be attractive to west-end visitors; for this theatre must take the lead with the true lovers of the Drama unless some novelty shall have been provided by its rivals, of which we at present have no suspicion; three such actors as Phelps, Creswick, and James Wallack, who is promised, cannot be balanced by anything we have now upon the stage.

We have been compelled to see that incomprehensible and rather indecent play, "The Hunchback," at Sadler's Wells, it being chosen for the first appearance of a Mrs. Pollock, the lady engaged to supply the place of Mrs. Warner. This actress, when Miss Ryder, played one night, some ten years ago, at Drury Lane, when Panmier acted there; she appears to be some years the senior of Mrs. Warner, is far beneath her in personal attraction, and as deficient in power—perhaps more so—than Mrs. Tiernan. Her conception might or might not be sufficient; but the audience were not in the secret. This is the third failure in female attempt at the High-class Drama in one month. Mr. Creswick's Master Walter confirms—as far as such a character may confirm—our opinion, that he is an artist of the first quality, yielding to none now upon the stage, and challenging hope of comparison with some of the great gone-by. We see a vista of reproduction that we had given up as hopeless for our time.

THE TRUNK MAKER.

MUSICAL SUMMARY.

ITALIAN OPERA.—After ringing the changes for the last month on a number of old operas, the management, thinking, no doubt, that it would not do to go on with the stock in hand, made a desperate effort to do something,—which something turns out to be an opera, that for many years had been lying on the shelf, from whence, perhaps, it would have been better not to have removed it. "L'Ajo Nell'Imbarazzo," was written by Donizetti, as far back as the year 1821, being his second operatic attempt: it was performed in Rome during the following year, and, subsequently, at Paris at 1826; but, as the composer improved, his early productions were forgotten. What could have induced the manager to bring forward, at this peculiar time, such a revival, it is difficult to divine, it must be owing (as we have before hinted at,) to the ignorance or incompetence of his musical adviser. On the face of it, however, there may be another reason,—it is an opera that may be cheaply got up, and was certainly worth that price. The story turns upon the embarrassment of a tutor (Lablache), who has two pupils, brothers (Mario and F. Lablache), placed under his care, by their father (Fornasari). The tutor humours them, good-naturedly, which ends in Mario contracting a secret marriage with Mad. Castellan; and F. Lablache falling in love with an old servant of the tutor's (Mad. Bellini.) The story is meagre enough; and, but for the exertions of the elder Lablache, the opera would have been a fiasco,—as it is, nothing can save it,—it must be consigned to oblivion. The music, as produced, is evidently a patch-work,—there is no connection in the style of the pieces,—in short, the very introduction of this opera is an insult to the musical taste of the audience, and which, we hope, will be resented.

The ballet of "Le Jugement de Paris" is a gem in its way, the three dancers trying to outvie each other in grace and elegance. The beautiful scenery, and indeed the whole of the appointment make it appear a fairy tale. Taglioni, though slightly on the wane, still holds her predominance. Of the other two, we prefer Lucille Grahn to Cerito, though this was evidently not the feeling of the house on any of the representations. We ought not to forget the exertions of Mademoiselles Louise Taglioni, James, and Honoré, who support well the incomparable three. The production of this ballet is more than an indemnity to M. Perrot for the failure of his "Lallah Rookh; and will, no doubt, hold its place to the end of the season, or as long as the goddesses can be kept together.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The attraction of the Promenade Concerts continued to increase up to the very last night, and M. Jullien has no doubt reaped the reward of his exertions. On future occasions we should suggest a more efficient set of violins; we are aware of the difficulty of getting an extra band together, at this time

of the year, but even on the off-nights, when the orchestra was recruited from the Italian Opera, the violins were left in the same state of inefficiency. Thus, while the violoncellos and double-basses pour forth their volume of sound, the violins were almost inaudible. It is, perhaps, owing to this weakness in the principal part that the performance was not so good as at the Concerts d'Hiver, when we spoke so favourably of them. We hope it is not carelessness. M. Jullien has improved the public musical taste by the hitherto unexceptionable nature of the performance, and we should be sorry that anything should now occur to mar the favourable impression. The series wound up with a *Bal Masqué*. We were not present on the occasion, but if report speaks true, there was more order and regularity than before, and the whole thing passed off with credit to the manager and the satisfaction of the public.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—"The Black Domino" has continued to draw full houses; and Thillon is received every night with apparently increased pleasure. She is evidently a mannerist, got up entirely by rule; and she has now strained her voice so, as not to have at all times a command over it; and yet, with all her faults, we like her—she carries with her a charm that pleases the multitude, and we are not sorry to be among the number on this occasion. The "*Water-Cure*," a translation, was among the entertainments. The music, by M. Grisar, is light in character, not possessing any particular charm in itself. The piece carries itself off by bustling scenes, and some absurd dialogue. Paul Bedford was brought from the Adelphi to assist at the representation, and a very heavy representative it is, for beyond two or three tricks, which take with the uninitiated, to our thinking, he is a sort of incubus on all he undertakes. The story is thus: Dr. Tartaglia, a quack doctor (Paul Bedford), has a ward, Argentine (Mad. Thillon), whom he wishes to wed, but she is in love with one Belloni (Hudson), a strolling player. Their object is to outwit the doctor; for this purpose he starts opposition in disguise, to take away his custom: this does not succeed, so he tells her to pretend she hates him, to make love to Tartaglia. The doctor, as they intend, overhears their quarrelling, as he imagines, and thinking himself now secure in his ward has the marriage certificate made ready. While he is congratulating himself, Belloni rushes on crying out as if in the agonies of death, saying he has poisoned himself, that, not having long to live, he wishes to make a will, but, having no relations, in favour of Argentine, if the Doctor will only consent to their marriage. The doctor, thinking that he cannot live long, and that by marrying his ward, the money will be his, consents. The certificate is changed, to Belloni's name, and the marriage takes place, and then Argentine brings out a pitcher of water, which Belloni drinks of, and pretends it has cured him. The doctor now discovers the cheat, but it is too late: all, however, ends satisfactorily. Thillon, of course, is the main prop of the farce; it seems to suit the public taste; and a shower of bouquets on the fair singer generally concludes its performance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PORTRAIT OF BUONAPARTE, BY DE LA ROCHE.—When Lord Burleigh shakes his head, in the "*Critic*," Sneer asks, what he means by it? The extent of significance attributed by Puff to that shake of the head is scarcely equal to the variety of discordant sentiment discovered by a Fine-Art critic in the pictured countenance of any mortal that may—whether for good or evil—have obtained a certain amount of notoriety among his fellow men, always provided that the painting is the production of a foreigner or an ancient. Our newspapers have lent their columns to the dissemination of some sad trash of this description in reference to rather a clever picture by Paul De la Roche, entitled—"Napoleon, à Fontainebleau, le 31 Mars, 1814." The admirers of the deposed hero—and we will assume there are such persons, for affectation is catching, they say—can scarcely discover justification for their idolatry in the personage here represented; although such as may have fairly estimated his actions, undazzled by the showy glitter with which they were accompanied, would be satisfied that the animal before them was fitted by every natural endowment for perpetrating the extent of evil of which he had been the

instrument. Those who fancy they can discover the poetical attributes of a hero in the dumpy sensuality there seated, with his heavy right arm hanging across the back of the gilded chair, his clenched left fist pressed into his left thigh, his legs encased in boots splashed with mud, his drooping head, and his dull eye fixed on vacancy, are quite equal to seeing anything but that which happens to be before them. These are, nevertheless, the true characteristics of the man,—the broad head, so powerful for ill, accompanying that gross selfish disappointment, expressed in every feature and disposition of limb, make up the embodiment of an idea that may, perhaps with more significance than elegance, be called "a scoundrel in a fix." Change but the costume and you may have, successively, the convicted bandit, the detected thief, and the foiled murderer, or any other description of reprobate stayed in his career, without the slightest alteration in the composition! So much for the sentiment, with which we find no fault, for we agree that it is appropriate, and are gratified in knowing that De la Roche is of our opinion. The engraving from this picture is likely to be less exceptional than the picture itself, for everything good that it contains may be transferred to the plate with improvements, while its deficiencies may and will be ameliorated by an engraver of talent. Its great fault is, that there is more truth of painting in the accessories than in the principals. The most effective part of the picture is the boots, and the eye of the spectator is drawn towards them in spite of himself. This is a grievous fault in a picture, and is consequent on the want of truth of texture in the flesh being accompanied by so much carefulness in the detail of the other parts. Our English school of portrait-painters might attribute the mischief to the boots having been positively too much cared for; but there is no part of the picture so over-painted that the face might not be made to assume its proper consequence. In our notice of the Louvre Exhibition, we asserted the general incompetence of the French school for the painting of a head, and we have no objection to back our assertion by a reference to this portrait. We do, however, wish that English Art would direct itself towards the more sufficient study of the less-important details. The French school is much advantaged in reputation by this practice, for the engraver applies the conventional fleshy texture to all he does, and they who see only the print never suspect the deficiencies of the painting; while, in England, engraving never succeeds to imitate the pencilled effect, in general, as an imitation of the face; the best of the picture, and the other parts are, too frequently, carelessly made out and but indifferently put together—faults not to be remedied without re-drawing. To one who would unite these qualities of the two schools success would be a certainty, and they must be united before we obtain a continental reputation worth caring for.

THEATRE FRANÇAIS.—We have had nothing new at the Français, no *chefs d'œuvres* of which to report the triumph. The month has passed tranquilly like those which preceded it, and those which will follow it. It is true Mlle. Rachel has been *en congé*, and the period of her absence should have been one of effort and of exertion for obtaining a success of some description; it would have looked so well to have announced to the tragedian on her return, that repose was in her power. But no; there is no hurry at the Français, the weather is too warm for work, and the middle of the day is only supportable when fast asleep. In the evening, *les Messieurs et Mesdames les comédiens*, go to the theatre to pronounce judgment on the debutants, and once a week they refuse the dramas presented for acceptance. Is not that sufficient for the season?

Before describing the *debutants*, we will report the subject of a whisper in the Rue Richelieu. A week ago, "*L'Ecole des familles*," a Comedy in five Acts and in verse, was refused by the autocrats of the Français, by thirteen black balls out of the fourteen actor-voters. The author, not furious, but calm, as a man of sense should be on such occasions, returned home, to meditate the future steps to be taken. Bocage offered, at once, his theatre and his company to the unhappy exile; M. Cogniard proposed the Porte St. Martin, and Frederic Le Maître—a strong temptation under the circumstances. The author repulsed by the King's comedians would not listen to either. "I am, at present," said he, "by the gentlemen of the Comedie Française, placed below some twenty authors who have for the last two years been disserving their theatre, and I will not accept the position without being judged by my peers." The author then

wrote to Messrs. Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, Viennet, Soulié, Dupaty, Leon Gozlain, Sainte-Beuve, Jules Janin, Merle, Rolle, Frederick Lemaître, Thierry, Amédée Achard, two or three Academicians, and several other qualified literary judges. His desire was to read his play before this jury, and then, that they should vote, as to its fitness or the reverse, by ballot.

If, by any chance, the jury the author has appealed to should give a contrary opinion to the actors, what follows? Are Messrs. Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, &c., &c., entirely ignorant of theatrical matters; or are the judges of the Rue de Richelieu insufficiently enlightened? We applaud the intention of the author. We know nothing of his work, it is possible it has merited its refusal; but what he has undertaken is for the benefit of all. It is the question of independence to the intellectual condition of the theatre that has to be decided, and we do not dissimulate our doubts of the infallibility of the existing control. We wait with interest the dictum of this new court of literary appeal, as we hope its tendency will be to influence the termination of the present dispute with the Reading Committee of the Français. The Minister of the Interior has too much on his hands, at the moment, to take great notice of the matter. His attention is more directed to the white balls for a future budget, an interest to which everything else must give place. For ourselves, who—thank Heaven!—have nothing to do with Politics, we supplicate His Excellence to prevent some future historian of our time from saying, that Victor Hugo, M. Lamartine, or Alexander Dumas read before the members of the Committee and their pieces were refused unanimously; the committee being composed of an actor from the Gaité, an ex-premier of the Ambigu, an ancient traitor of the Porte St. Martin, and two or three seconds from the Boulevard du Temple.

The author of the rejected comedy is Mr. Adolphe Dumas; and judgment of the jury has been published, which is as follows:—

"Without prejudicing the result of representation, and without infringing the imprescriptible rights of the public,

"THIS MEETING,

"Considering that the Theatre François is essentially instituted and aided by public pecuniary assistance for the representation of works belonging to the highest class of literature, an intention for some years apparently overlooked,

"DECLARES,

"That the Committee of the Theatre François has failed in the duty of its institution, by refusing the piece of M. Adolphe Dumas.

M. M. Victor Hugo; De Jailly; A. Dumas; Mery;
"Signed.—A. Achard; J. Lacroix; Allaroché de Vigny; F. Loulié; Vaugerie; Lireux; C. H. Matharel; Ed. Thierry et Frederick Lemaître."

We have only to add, "L'Ecole des Familles" has been twice judged: first, by the actors; a second time by a jury composed of men of letters. The two judgments are contrary: the public must decide between them.

We have had several first appearances this week at the Theatre François. Alas, for the Drama! the competitors for characters are worse than those in possession. "Andromaque" was represented as follows:—Oreste, Ballande; Pyrrhus, Chotel; Hermione, Mlle. Rimblot; Andromaque, Mad. Melingue; Cleone, Mad. Thenard.

M. Ballande has all the physical qualities for the first line of character in the Theatre François. He is sufficiently ugly for a tragedian; for it is remarkable, that one indispensable adaptation for a first-class actor is being a disgrace to Nature's workmanship. M. Ballande has a voice exactly between those of Ligier and Beauvallet: the necessity of an intermediate note between those two great artists has been generally acknowledged. He is taller than Ligier, and less than Beauvallet: similarity of size is inconvenient in a tragedy. He trembles on a different principle from the others, affording an agreeable variety to the *habitudes*: Ligier trembles in the calves of his legs, Beauvallet with his arms, and M. Ballande all over. Every taste may thus be satisfied. He whispers the passages that Ligier roars, and curls the lip where Beauvallet clenches the teeth; and he is yellow when Ligier is red, or Beauvallet green. From all these reasons it will be seen that M. Ballande is a variety of tragedian indispensable to the François.

As for M. Chotel he knew by heart every syllable of the part

of Pyrrhus and repeated it like a lesson; stopping some time at the commas, a little longer at the semicolons, and longer still at the full points. What more can reason expect? Mlle. Rimblot is a pupil of Beauvallet; she has personal appearance and intelligence in her favour; but despairs of equalling the loudness of her vigorous teacher. When Mlle. Rimblot is on the stage with Beauvallet all goes well; the professor, who knows his duty, qualifies his sonorous organ, and his pupil almost arrives at the desired interval; but with another Mlle. Rimblot scarce knows where she is. M. Ballande has compromised his admission by inattention to the pupil of the Sociétaire in this particular. Mad. Thenard for diction and gesture is a model; she should have been a scholar of that great tragedian called M. St. Aulaire. The professor has retired; but unfortunately he has left us his scholars.

It is reported that M. Listz is constructing upon the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse a palace, destined as a school for the pianoforte, of which he is to be the ruler. It has also been officially announced that M. Listz has sent to Paris his secretary to superintend its construction. M. Listz dispatched at the same time his equerry to Stuttgart to notify to the king of Wurtemberg, that he should not visit his court this spring, as he had permitted him to hope. The same day he sent his Hungarian aid-de-camp to the grand duke of Hesse Cassel to enquire concerning an autograph manuscript by Gluck in the possession of that prince. The day after, M. Listz hastened the departure of his first chamberlain to Her Majesty the Queen Victoria, to felicitate her upon the new addition to her charming family. After all these missions M. Listz must find his position something lonely. He has none with him at present but his second chamberlain, his master of the ceremonies, his two controllers, and his three *valets de chambre*. No matter. A man of genius knows how to forego such vanities, and provided that M. Listz has at his disposal half-a-dozen good workmen to restore the pianos that are smashed by the thunders of his execution, he desires no more.

PICTURE COPYING.—The following anecdote from a note in the second volume of Roscoe's life of Leo Xth, may serve to illustrate the difficulty of guaranteeing originality to an ancient picture, even with the security of pedigree. Vasari relates, in his life of Andrea del Sarto, that when Federigo, duke of Mantua, passed through Florence to visit Clement VII., he saw, in the palace of the Medici, the portrait, by Raffaello of Leo X., with the cardinals Giulio de Medici, (then Clement VII.) and de Rossi; with which he was so highly pleased, that, on his arrival at Rome, he requested it as a gift from the Pope, who generously complied with his wish, and sent orders to his relative, Ottaviano de Medici, to forward the picture to Mantua; but he, being unwilling that the family should be deprived of such a treasure, sent to Andrea del Sarto, and requested him to copy it, which he did with such success, that Ottaviano himself, (who was an excellent judge of works of Art,) could not distinguish the copy from the original. Concealing, therefore, the picture of Raffaello, he sent the copy to Mantua, with which the duke was perfectly satisfied; and even Giulio Romano, the favourite pupil of Raffaello, who then resided at Mantua, was not aware of the deception. In this error they might have remained, had not an extraordinary incident led to an explanation. Vasari, then a young and rising artist, desirous of forming an acquaintance with Giulio Romano, paid a visit to Mantua, where he was received with great civility by Giulio, who, after gratifying him with a sight of the works of Art which the city afforded, at length exhibited to him the picture of Leo X., with the Cardinals, as the production of Raffaello, and the greatest ornament of the place. "A beautiful work," cried Vasari, "but not by the hand of Raffaello." "How so?" said Giulio; "is it possible I should not recognize the touches of my own pencil upon it?" "You are mistaken," replied Vasari, "this picture is the work of Andrea del Sarto," (under whom Vasari studied at the time the copy was made.) "and, as a proof of it, there is a mark which I will show you." The picture was thereupon taken down, and the mark discovered; upon which Giulio declared that he valued the copy no less than the original, "nay," added he, "even more, because it is incredible that one painter should so exactly imitate the manner of another." What the mark was, by which Andrea distinguished his copy from the original, Vasari has not mentioned; but his editor, the prelate

Bottari, informs us that he heard Gabbiani, who was himself a very eminent painter, and was born soon after the middle of the seventeenth century, and who had associated with many old professors say "that the mark set upon the picture by Andrea was the writing his name on the edge of the panel which was covered by the frame; and that when Vasari had the picture taken out of the frame, Giulio read the inscription. *Vide. Vasari, vol. iii. p. 236. Ed. Bot. 1759.* Shortly after the picture of Leo X., and the Cardinals came into my possession, I had it taken out of the frame, in the presence of some of my friends, conversant with works of Art; when on one of the upright edges of the panel, which is about three quarters of an inch thick, we found the remains of an inscription which was much obliterated, but which, according to the best judgment that could be formed of it, was composed of the letters *ANDREA F. P.*, probably followed by the date of the year, which is now, however, quite illegible. The coincidence of this fact with the relation of Vasari, and the tradition of Gabbiani was considered by the parties present as a sufficient evidence of this being the identical picture of Andrea del Sarto; although it is said that such picture is now at Capo di Monte. It must, however, be observed that another copy was made by Vasari, for Ottaviano de Medici, for which he received five hundred crowns, and which is probably one of the three pictures now known. This picture now holds a conspicuous station in the splendid collection at Holkham.

Mlle. SONTAG.—It was lately announced to the musical world that Mlle. Sontag, now, by marriage, Countess Rossi, intended returning to the theatre. The news had scarcely been diffused when a contradiction emanated, it is supposed, from the Prussian embassy at Paris. These contradictory reports have caused little sensation. Mlle. Sontag is little known at present, and of those who formerly applauded her triumphs many have forgotten them among those of so many other singers that have since obtained celebrity. Her period was that of the restoration. To a talent full of gracefulness and power, great personal charms and fine sentiment, her admirers would add the prestige of a high and mysterious origin. It has been asserted that she owed her existence to the royalty of Prussia, a dynasty that has rendered brilliant services to the science of music by their left-handed alliances; Beethoven, having been, it is said, a descendant of the Great Frederick.

As for Mlle. Sontag, the friendship and protection exhibited towards her on all occasions by the predecessor of the present Frederic William, in some sort confirms the illustrious affiliation. That king never ceased to bestow on her the most paternal attention, sending her numerous trifling presents. On one occasion a post-chaise entered the court of the Hotel de Princes, where Mlle. Sontag resided; and a Prussian officer descended, holding in his hand a handsome gilt cage containing a superb parrot. The officer enquired for Mlle. Sontag, and presented to her the cage and the bird in the name of the king of Prussia. His majesty wishing to make this present to the singer had accompanied the cage and the bird by one of his aids-de-camp. This formed some days' conversations for the Parisians. When the marriage of Mlle. Sontag and M. Rossi was in consideration, the suitor was an inferior *attaché* to the Sardinian legation; the King of Prussia created him a Count and ambassador at Berlin; and, as the Prussian noblesse, difficult in matters of descent, would not tolerate that a count should marry with a plebeian, the ingenious monarch ennobled the legitimate parent of Mlle. Sontag, who thus possessed one degree of nobility previous to her espousal of Count Rossi.

We are now far from the time when the Countess Rossi was Mlle. Sontag. That celebrated singer was heard for the last time, in a theatre at Paris, in the month of January, 1830. Her last appearance on a French stage was at the Opera, under circumstances sufficiently remarkable to excuse the relation. Mlle. Sontag was approaching the end of her lyrical career, and, as is customary, wished to bid adieu to the public in a representation for her benefit. To render this more advantageous the *prima donna* of the Italian Opera desired to have the use of the Académie Royale de Musique, but the director, M. Luthbert refused, adding that Mlle. Sontag should never be heard by the public from the stage of the French Opera. "We will try that," said the *prima donna*,

and war was declared. Mlle. Sontag, counselled and supported by one of the powers of the press, organised a representation for the benefit of the poor, and obtained permission from M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld that this pious and charitable solemnity should take place in the large theatre of the French Opera. M. Luthbert was vanquished, and opened his doors to his graceful enemy. Mlle. Sontag sung at the benefit of Madame Damoreau, and some days after, the grand *soirée* for the poor took place with an extraordinary *eclat*, that was never equalled at the Opera. The dispute for tickets between the court and city raised prices to an extravagant amount. Places in the orchestra and balcony obtained 100 francs each, and the rest of the house in proportion. Charles X. honoured the fête with his presence, and it was remarked that His Majesty, little sensible to the charms of music, only seemed to enjoy the ballet, and applauded only Madame Montessu, a *danseuse* of the period. In revenge for this the King paid thirty thousand francs for his box. The receipts at the theatre were eighty thousand francs, which, joined to the presents made by the proprietors of the boxes, as the king, the princes, and the ministers, &c, increased the total to one hundred and thirty-seven thousand francs. Immediately after the performance Mlle. Sontag entered a post-chaise left Paris for Berlin where Hymen awaited her; and since that evening, confined to her character of Countess and Ambassador, she has consecrated her talent to the gratification of the High Noblesse.

But humanity soon tires of everything—even of grandeur. The triumphs of the stage have a charm that is not to be replaced by the feeble applause of the drawing-room; and often the coronet of a countess is held but light in comparison with the crown of flowers, or of laurel! The Countess of Rossi, whatever may be the authority of the contradiction, has positively manifested the intention of re-entering the theatre! She was said to have been decided by a reverse of fortune, by which she had been completely ruined. This is, no doubt, an error. It is not probable, the King of Prussia would allow the *protégé* of his august father to return to her former profession as a means of living. If the Count Rossi has met with financial misfortunes, they will be repaired. At the first report of the return of an ambassador to the theatre, the diplomatic corps was in an uproar; and the German aristocracy made a formal demand, that the kingly power should at once declare itself against an intention so compromising to all parties.



POETRY.

MOONRISE.

Not a breath broke the deep repose,
As calmly through the mist arose
The pale moon,
It rose and shed its silvery ray
With soft pow'r, and the dying day
Felt it soon.

O'er the sea the first beam appears
Faintly glimm'ring, yet, as it nears,
Growing bright;
It glistens on the glassy wave,
Revealing slowly soft Eve's grave,
The still night.

Our Illustration of this month is a Portrait of Miss Cushman, drawn on stone, from life, expressly for this work by T. H. Maguire.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. C. G." is thanked for the suggestion.

N. B.—All Contributions not accepted are left at the office of THE CONNOISSEUR, as the Editor cannot undertake to return them by post, mistakes having in consequence already occurred.

